

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. IV. — FEBRUARY, 1870. — No. XXXVIII.

THE SHAN VAN VOGHT

A TRUE STORY.

BY RERECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

It was just outside of Mr. Kelsøe's own farm gate that he and Tom met Mr. Knapp. The clergyman had been riding hard, Tom noticed, and looked scared and excited; so Tom promptly pushed his shaggy pony between his father's horse and the hedge, to hear all that was going on.

"The rebels are here, and in force, Mr. Kelsøe: there can be no doubt about it. Jarvey saw with his own eyes last night, large bodies of men, masked, crossing the road yonder. They are secreted in your woods. Your own servants are no doubt in league with them."

"That can't be, father," cried Tom, angrily.

Mr. Kelsøe put his hand gently on Tom's shoulder.

"There is no trusting any of them," Mr. Knapp went on, excitedly. "The secret league includes every Milesian Irishman. Your foster-brother, or the old nurse in your chimney corner, may be pledged to poison you, or to stab you in your bed."

Mr. Kelsøe shook his head. "I think I know these people better than you," he said, mildly.

"What did they do last week in Donegal? In Sligo? Plundered every loyalist's house of arms, — then burned and killed as they went. And our district is unprotected by a single soldier. I tell you, Mr. Kelsøe, there's murder in the air! Look to your own house to-night."

He rode away hurriedly, and Mr. Kelsøe and

Tom jogged on leisurely. Tom looked down uneasily through the darkening evening, at the stretch of black woods below the hill. He fancied mysterious shadows of masked men passing to and fro.

"Father, is it true that the rebels have done as he says, in Sligo?"

"I am afraid it is, Tom."

"The hounds! I'd like to see them come after our arms! It would give me satisfaction, father, to have a crack at one of that rabble, with my fowling-piece!"

"There is something to be said on their side," Mr. Kelsøe said, as if talking to himself. "There is something always to be said on the other side." Tom's father had been always a member of the Church of England, but Nature had surely meant him for a Quaker.

"They are thieves and murderers!"

"They are God's creatures, my son."

As soon as they reached the house, Tom rushed up-stairs to clean his fowling-piece. He had only owned it a week.

Tom Kelsøe was ten years old: just the age of Tom Waters here beside me. He was a big, broad-chested fellow, too, and could throw any boy of his size, just like this other Tom. They had the same honest, freckled faces, and shock of black hair, and chapped, red hands; and there was a lot of string, and nails, and a top, and a wormy apple, in Tom Kelsøe's pocket, precisely as there is in Tom Waters's now. But this Tom

wears a cheviot sack, dull and decorous; that Tom was to be seen far off, in his blue roundabout, gay with gilt buttons: this one shoves his way through a great public school, and chatters glibly of chemistry, geology, and steam-engines; the other pored over heavy Latin books, with a humble, awkward tutor, who "taught sons of the gentry the humanities," or he cut high pigeon-wings in the air with his legs, before his dancing-master, practicing contra-dances, jigs, and strathspeys. Our Tom whistles "*Le sabre de mon père*," and plays base-ball; the other Tom trotted after the whipper-in, before day, to see the hounds throw off, shouting, —

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning,
With a hey ho, tivy, tantivy-ho!"

or he coursed for hares over the snow-covered turf. One hurrahs for Grant; the other prayed every night for King George and Queen Charlotte. Tom Waters is a jolly, wide-awake boy yet, and means to be President; the other Tom was long ago laid to rest, an old, white-headed man. For our story is of a time nearly a century ago; and the rebels whom Tom Kelsoe feared did not belong to this country, but to a little island, where the fields are green, and the people hot-tempered all the year round.

Tom polished his gun vigorously. Kit Cassidy held the oil, and bits of leather. Kit was Tom's foster-brother.

"I'd like a chance at one of the rebels with this, Kit."

"It's yerself as wud be the sure shot, Masther Tom!"

"What can those wretches do with arms?" (boastingly.) "They never owned a gun."

"They wur'n't allowed any, — no more than the bastes. You're in the right of it, Masther Tom," fawned Kit.

"Why, you belong to their church, Kit; you ought to be one of them" (carelessly, peering in the barrel as he spoke).

"Och, wirasthrue! wud yees even to me that I wuz a Ribbonman?" with a sudden howl of horror.

"Don't bother, Kit. Pick up that cloth, and stop whining. I know you're Orange to the backbone. Like me."

Kit stood by in silence a while, his furtive blue eyes stealthily watching Tom, under the light lashes.

"I suppose yeez couldn't lift one of the mas-ther's guns, now?"

"I can lift any one of them. Come and see."

Tom hung his pretty silver-mounted gun over his bed carefully, and then ran down the steps leading to his father's chamber, closely followed by Kit. It was a large room, with windows opening to the ground. Over the fire-place hung a couple of crossed swords, and a fine gun, which Mr. Kelsoe used in the chase. From under the pillow Tom drew a pair of pistols; the bed was high-posted, with heavy woollen curtains; from the tester, or top, he took down a couple of light guns.

"Is that all?" said Kit, with a touch of contempt. Tom hesitated. An Irish gentleman took as much pride in his weapons as his horses, and Tom had no mind to hear his father sneered at; still, he remembered that Kit belonged to the class who were punished with death, if a gun was found in their houses: and that they were now in rebellion, burning and killing. Mr. Knapp said, all before them, to gain possession of these very weapons.

"If I show you the others, you'll never breathe it now, Kit?" he said at last. "There's danger of" —

"Them rascally Ribbonmen. I know. Och, yeez wudn't be afeared of poor Kit, now, Masther Tom?"

So Tom pushed back the bed-curtains, touched a spring in the panel, and showed a secret closet, in which hung about a dozen guns, most of them finely mounted. "My father has a better collection than Lord Roscommon," he said, proudly, closing the door.

"Troth, it's foine." But Kit turned away with such a dull, indifferent face, that Tom's uneasiness was dispelled. He went down to supper. That was a very different meal from the light dishes of crackers, and oysters, and tea, which Tom Waters calls supper. There was a table covered with fine linen, which Mrs. Kelsoe and her maids had spun (there were great presses full of it up-stairs), and on it were roasted wild ducks, and a mountain of spiced beef, and dishes of game, and fish, and a hare patty, besides hot cakes and tea, and an enormous bowl of punch, and high jugs of smoking toddy, with the roasted apples bobbing up and down. Some of the neighbors were there, as they were indeed for every meal. Tom slipped away after supper, and ran out to the kitchen. There was as great a crowd there, and as heavy eating, as in the hall. There was no counting the hangers on about the Kelsoe kitchen. There were cooks, and maids, and grooms, and the hen-wife, and the goose-

wife, and the wife who made the barm (yeast), and a dozen more, who "jist held by the family." Yet Mr. Kelsoe was not a rich man. He held large dairy farms (on peppercorn leases for ninety-nine years), and the many mouths ate up more than the profits from year to year.

Tom liked to go down to the kitchen to be flattered and joked with, and to hear stories of fairies or banshees. But to-night it was very dull down there: the men, even Kit, had all gone to a wake, and the women were silent. So he went to bed early, leaving a candle burning, with a frightened look out at the slope of the hill, and the woods beyond.

It was about midnight when Tom awoke with the sudden feeling of terrible danger. The room was still as death: the candle was gone, but the moonlight lay in a square patch on the floor. He got up and groped about.

Nothing.

He went to the window. What was that dark, compact mass by the copse yonder, where the fox found cover on Monday? What were these moving shadows, stealing slowly to the house, below the trees? Suddenly a wild cry broke through the air. It was his mother's voice; Tom sprang to the door, dashed it open, and found himself in the grasp of vice-like hands, that, struggle as he might, dealt with him as if he were nothing but a weak kitten. In a moment he was gagged, his hands and feet tied together, and thrown on the landing.

There were a dozen figures in the hall below, struggling in the moonlight. His father fighting the robbers, alone and unaided. Tom kicked and writhed frantically, but to no purpose. Mr. Kelsoe was not a strong man, but he fought—like an Irishman. It was in vain, though: the dark, silent figures swarmed out of every door, overpowered him, left him tied and helpless. Yet Tom, through all his fury, could not but notice that they were oddly gentle with his father: did not return one of his desperate blows. The women they had locked, unharmed, into the dining-room. When Mr. Kelsoe was conquered, there was a moment's quiet; then the masked men went out, and returned, carrying the store of weapons which Tom had discovered to Kit. One man, who seemed to be the leader, paused a moment at the door, and, coming back, laid two of the most costly guns beside Mr. Kelsoe, breaking the absolute silence which they had observed, by a whisper,—"You must not miss the fox-hunts."

Then they disappeared: all but one small,

stealthy figure, that stole down, a moment after, from Tom's room, with his fowling-piece in hand.

"It's that scoundrel, Kit Cassidy!" Tom could have cried with rage.

When his mother had succeeded in freeing herself and her husband, and Tom had found a voice, his passion knew no bounds. He shrieked out, "Croppies, lie down!" from the door, after the retreating figures, as the most offensive words he could find. "God's creatures?" he stormed, following his father. "They are treacherous thieves!" He wondered to find his father and mother so quiet.

"They have not touched the plate," said Mrs. Kelsoe; "and look at this, my dear," pointing to a heap of rings, a watch and chain, which she had taken off the night before. "They took nothing but the arms."

"How can she say a word for them?" muttered Tom. "God's creatures, indeed!" He went up to his room, and looked at the empty hooks, where his gun had hung. It was as much as he could do to keep the tears out of his eyes. "I hope that Kit Cassidy may ever come in my way," he said, savagely. "I'll be revenged, if it is a thousand years from now!"

CHAPTER II.

KIT CASSIDY was seen no more in the Kelsoe kitchens. His father, and two or three other men, who were employed on the farm, disappeared, and were supposed to have joined the Ribbonmen. Tom was quite a hero among the other boys for a few weeks; Joe Spencer and Phil Boyd came over to see the marks of the ropes on his wrist. At the meet on Saturday, too, Captain Duncan, who often dined with Mr. Kelsoe, called to Tom,—"That foster-brother of yours played you a sharp trick, eh, Tommy?"

"But I mean to pay him for it, sir," cried Tom, loudly.

"That's right, my lad," said the captain, nodding and laughing. Tom was almost as proud as if he had had his new fowling-piece to carry that morning.

He used after that to say every day to the boys, "I'll pay Kit Cassidy yet," thinking how Captain Duncan would applaud him, if he heard it; until one day Phil's big brother, George, said, "I did not think you were the kind of boy to keep a grudge. It seems mean and cattish, to me."

Now George wore whiskers, and could construe Euripides. Tom began to doubt whether

his revenge were so manly after all. Besides, he was not in half such a fury with Kit as at first.

"I never knew a fellow could train a setter like Kit Cassidy," he said to Phil; "and when I had the ague, that chap slept at my door like a dog. There's no denying that he was very fond of me. But there's no good in a croppy. Mind I tell you, Phil."

Soon after, news came of the battle at Ross. The slaughter of the rebels was terrible. Mr. Kelsoe read the account from a Dublin paper, which was taken by a club, and passed from house to house. "One little lad, from County Cork," it said, "rushed up the embankment, and thrust his body against the mouth of a cannon, shouting, 'Come on, boys! I've choked the baste!' Curiously, he escaped with his life."

"Father, that was Kit!" cried Tom. "He was as brave as a lion, Kit was."

"The bravery of the poor croppies seems to me to resemble that of the beasts," said Captain Duncan, who sat by the fire, brushing the snuff from his cambric shirt-frill.

"They are men," said Mr. Kelsoe, gravely; "and perhaps it would be better to have called out the best part of their manhood, instead of the worst."

Tom turned this over in his mind, but could make nothing of it. But at the next words he pricked up his ears.

"By the way, Kelsoe, there is a queer story going that one of your dairies is left open at night, from which the croppy families can help themselves to milk and bread. Surely there is no truth in it?"

"The women and children are starving," said Tom's mother, quietly.

"You encourage the rebellion, madam."

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him," said Mr. Kelsoe.

"If you are trying to make a man out of a croppy, through gratitude, you are bribing swine with pearls," said the captain.

All this perplexed Tom. Of course his father must be right. But it was so easy, like the captain, to see no good in those who differed with you, to deny that your enemy was only a faulty man, like yourself, and to call him a brute! He went down that very night, and stood on the hill, to watch the lean, ragged women, stealing into the open dairy, for the food left there for them. It was all that stood between them and starvation. They were huddled into the huts on the Cloyne estates, and their husbands were all in the rebel army.

CHAPTER III.

NEARLY a year had gone by. One cool evening, just after harvest time, Tom sat alone on the door-step, looking over the dreary fields. He had just eaten a miserable supper: the usually bright, cheerful room, was dim and dirty, the ashes of the fire were scattered over the hearth. There had been sickness in the house for many months, and trouble—almost want—had come, so that the old orderly routine had long ago given way to discomfort.

Tom crept up now and then to the door of his father's room, and listened to his heavy, feverish breathing, or looked in at his mother's pale face bending over the bed, and then down again. The doctor came down after a while, from his daily visit.

"How is he to-day, sir?"

"The same, my lad. Typhoid's a slow disease. But I hope it will all come right, in time." He looked pityingly down on the boy, who had followed him to the gate, and stood with his hand on the horse's mane. "The farm needs your father sorely."

"Yes. If I was only a man!"

The doctor was silent. This terrible year of war and pestilence had made the sky dark for them all. The rebels were conquered, but were still in hiding among the hills, shot down like dogs, whenever they ventured out; in every house there was disease or want, but the jolly Kelsoe household seemed to have fared worst of all.

"What is wrong, Tom, boy? Perhaps I can be of some help to you."

"My father was in debt, it seems. One of the creditors is pushing hard for a small sum. The sheriff served a writ to-day: if my father was not so near to death, he would be in jail at this minute!" Tom broke down here altogether: he was only a child, after all; and he hid his face against the doctor's knee, and sobbed out loud.

"Tut, tut! Poor lad! This must be set right at once. I'll see to it, Tom."

But Tom, when he looked up, had no brighter face than before. So many of his father's friends had gone to "see to it," and there was the end of it. There was nothing so plentiful as goodwill that year, or so scarce as money.

"If your crops were in"—hesitated the doctor.

"If the crops were in, we would be safe," said Tom, eagerly; "but look at them!" pointing to the great fields of uncut grain, beginning to droop from over-ripeness. "There is not a man to be found to cut them."

"There are not half a dozen laborers left in the county. We miss the croppies, that is true," rejoined the doctor.

"There is no chance of pardon for them?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Pardon! Why, regiments from Dublin are guarding every cross-road through the hills; and as soon as a rebel thrusts his head into sight, he is shot down, like a rat in a hole. But that is not our trouble just now. I'll do what I can."

"Yes, sir." But Tommy sat down again despondingly on the step, not even turning his head to see the doctor ride off. If he had done so, he might have caught sight of a dark shadow gliding swiftly away from the hedge by which they had stood, through the furze-bushes.

It was a boy's figure, and one sleeve hung empty by his side.

Doctor Lannan did what he could the next day, but it was not possible to raise the money. If Kelsoe's crops were harvested, "everybody said they could be sold in an hour." But the crops were not harvested.

"Keep a good heart, Tommy," said the doctor, as he bade him good-by the next evening. "Your father has been true to his God and his friends, and neither of them will desert him."

"I don't know," said Tom, drearily. But his heart grew warm and light. He ran to the kitchen, and brought a smoking cup of tea up to his mother. She would drink it from him, rather than any of the maids. She looked at his bright face, as she gave the cup back.

"Is there any good news, Tom?"

"Well, no. Not exactly news. But it will come, mother," said Tom, confidently.

As he came down the stairs with the empty cup, he saw a dark figure standing in the dimly lighted hall. He stopped, with a thrill of terror: the man was masked. He had heard of cases where, desperate from hunger, the rebels had left their hiding-places, and gone into farm-houses both to rob and murder. Whether these stories were true or not, it is no wonder that Tom drew back as the man came close to him. But he only held out a letter; and when Tom took it, disappeared. It was a square, dirty paper, sealed, with the mark of a thumb upon the wax. Inside were these words:—

"Let no one leave this house to-night. On pain of death."

Signed. By order of

THE SHAN VAN VOGHT."

And underneath were scrawled these lines, —

"For ould Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea,
Says the Shan Van Voght."

What the Shan Van Voght might be, Tom did not clearly know. A mysterious power which the rebels obeyed, he had heard, no matter what deed of wickedness it dictated to them. He sat down on the stairs. "They will carry off all the stock, and leave us to starve," he said, desperately. "They will burn the house, and us, like rats in a barn. If it comes to that, I'll tell mother, but not otherwise," and he went to the great hall stove, and threw in the better, watching it crackle and burn. "I'll not tell mother," he said again. "She has so much to bear." He would take all this terrible weight on himself. But his heart thumped hard with the sickness of fear, under his little buttony jacket, and his knees shook. He knew that only some desperate undertaking would bring the croppies here, within a mile of the village, where a regiment of royal troops were quartered; and for the same reason they would come, if at all, in great numbers.

There was no resistance to be made. What he could do, he did: locked and barred the doors — the first time they had ever been so maltreated in the memory of man. The house was nearly vacant. The crowd of retainers had dropped away, until only two or three of the maids were left, who were busied with his mother. But lest some accident might occur to tempt them from the house, Tom set himself to keep watch, patrolling the long halls, down into the kitchen, then to the parlor, and back again, the night long.

When Tom was a man, he kept guard many a night on the battle-field, and felt it was child's play compared to those slow, creeping hours, in which he tramped to and fro, his little legs weak with terror, but his heart brave enough to stand between his father and mother, and their horde of enemies. The moonlight fell in level beams here and there across the long stone hall; at one end the fire smouldered low in the stove; overhead he heard at intervals his mother's soft step in the sick chamber; from outside came at times an owl's hoot, or the baying of the watchdog at the moon. That ceased presently. Had they poisoned Lion?

At that Tom's face grew hot, and, taking sudden heart, he hurried boldly to the front-door, and flung it open. The moon was behind a cloud. The court-yard was dark; but close beside him he heard the clang of a musket on the stones, and, the moment after, a quick, sharp click. He

drew back, and shut the door; but, climbing up, looked through the transom. When the white, chilly moonlight shone out again over the fields, he saw that the dark and masked figures which he had seen once before, stood sentries around the house, while large bodies of armed men passed noiselessly as ghosts across the slope between him and the woods.

The Shan Van Voght did their work of murder (if murder it was) in silence.

All night long! He did not look out again; but he never rested for a moment. Now he fancied he heard stealthy steps above or below: now he was sure it was the crackling of a fire kindled in one of the cellars underneath; relieved of one fear, another and a greater followed continually. The deep of the night had passed. The moon had set, and the fire gone out. Tom crept up and down, to and fro, his limbs stiff with cold and damp, through the pitchy darkness. A sickly light began to struggle through the windows: far off he heard the cocks crow. The sound reached him, poor Tom, as in a dream. He dragged himself to the door of his mother's room, and heard her voice within, and his father's.

Morning had come, and they were safe! He turned to go down and resume his weary march; but, on the way, the poor little head reeled, the brave heart stopped beating, and Tom lay stretched on the cold stone floor, over which he had kept his long vigil so well.

He was roused by a warm cordial at his lips, and the doctor's breezy voice, calling him.

"Good news, Tom, boy! Good news! Look!"

Somebody had him in their arms. It was Captain Duncan; his mother, half sobbing and half laughing, was kneeling before him, chafing his icy feet, and holding them to her breast. But when Tom tried feebly to rise, there was his father! Sitting up in the bed, his eyes bright, and his cheeks full of ruddy color, as they had not been for months.

"You're safe, father?" Tom clung to his hand.

"Safe, my boy!" cried the doctor; "the crisis is past, thanks to God."

But Tom's brain went back to the old thought: "Whom did they murder? Father, father, to call them God's creatures!"

No one spoke. But the captain led Tom to the window, and threw it open. The red flush of the early day lay soft and bright on the green slopes, and the dewy woods, and glancing river; and there, as far as eye could see, was the cut grain, in long, even, golden heaps, shining in the sun!

Tom tried to speak, but a great lump in his throat choked him. Underneath the window were stacked the arms taken from Mr. Kelsoe, Tom's pretty fowling-piece laid on top.

"They left this bit of paper," said Mr. Kelsoe. Tom read the words scrawled on it:—

"God save yer honner. We're off to Ameriky."

"There will be a free pardon issued," said the captain. "And, upon my word, I'm almost glad the scoundrels have escaped."

But Tom was looking intently at a wretched figure below, with an empty sleeve pinned to his breast. "It's Kit, father," he said, pleadingly. "He's my foster-brother."

"Yes, go, Tom, and bring him in. And never forget that it was the hated croppies who have saved us from ruin; and that the man who seems vilest to you, is only your brother, with blood and heart just like your own."

"They've given you new life, Kelsoe, that's a fact!" said the captain. He stopped, turning his head away, that they might not see his wet eyes. "It's a curiously pleasant day," he said, after a while. "I suppose it is something in the air. But I feel as if I could find a brother in any man, even a scoundrelly croppy, and see something good even in the Shan Van Voght!"

JAKE'S WEDDING.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

II.

Just at school time next day, Linda, hurrying down-stairs, tripped over a string, and fell the last three or four steps, doubling her foot under

her. As she tried to get up, the pain was so great that tears came into her eyes; while Chester, who was very tender-hearted, and who,

though he loved to tease, could never bear to have her hurt, cried as loud as if he had tumbled. Mamma came out, carried her into the sitting-room, and laid her on the sofa, afraid at first that the ankle was sprained, and would keep her prisoner there a long time.

"Who is it that ties strings to the banisters?" she said, as she bathed Linda's foot and ankle.

"Me, mamma, bad me," Chester said, looking very miserable. "I wish I could tumble down, so's to remember not to. Does it hurt you now, Linnie?"

"Not so very much," Linda said, putting her foot down a moment; "but I don't believe I can walk to school."

"No," said mamma. "You must keep very still, till it stops aching. The ankle has not swollen at all, so I don't think 'tis sprained; and if you are very careful, you can play to-morrow."

"Can't she play to-day? Must she keep still all the time?" asked Chester, who did not like to go to school alone.

"We will see," mamma answered. "Now, run along, Chester, and try and remember not to leave strings on the stairs."

Chester walked slowly away; and Linda, rather glad, on the whole, that she was to stay at home, begged to go into the kitchen, where mamma was very busy with Ola, the Swedish girl, who had lived with Mrs. Ripley a year or two; and, though she learned very little English, was so willing and good-natured, that they all liked her. Linda sat in an arm-chair, leaning back and watching mamma and Ola beating eggs, washing currants, and getting everything ready for cake.

"I'm almost big enough to make cake, mamma," she said, presently. "I wish I could make just a little loaf all myself for the party, — make it, and give it to Chessie, you know. Can't I sit by the table, and you give me things?"

"Perhaps, by and by, when this sponge-cake is made. You can beat these whites, if you like."

Linda whisked away with the egg-beater, till the dozen whites rose up like a little snow-drift in the big dish. Then mamma turned them into a pan, where she had been beating the yolks with some sugar, and told Ola to get four more eggs for Linda, who broke them herself, and spent a long time in separating the yolks and whites, and beating them till her arm ached. Then mamma gave her a cup of butter, and two of sugar; and when these were mixed, put in, last of all, the three cups of flour, and a little baking-powder.

"What kind of cake is it, mamma?" Linda

asked, as she dropped in a very little vanilla. "O, how good it smells!"

"One, two, three, four cake," said mamma. "The first I ever learned to make, because it is the easiest, and is very nice, too. Do you want it in a loaf, or in little cakes?"

"Little cakes *seem* like more, don't they?" said Linda, with her head on one side. "I might bake 'em in the hearts and rounds. I saw Ola buttering 'em."

"Very well," said mamma, and Linda spent another ten minutes putting just the exact quantity into each little pan.

"Now, let me bake 'em, so's to say I did it every speck my own self. My foot doesn't hurt me any now," she said.

"Very well," mamma said again, and Linda hobbled to the oven with the great tin sheet, on which all the little pans stood, and after the oven door was shut, sat on a small stool with a broom splinter in her hand, till her face burned a bright red. She would have opened the oven door every moment or two, but mamma told her that would spoil the cakes, and only let her open it once, to turn them round. They were just beginning to brown then, and Linda could hardly wait the last five minutes. Then Ola took out the tin lest she should burn herself, and Linda stuck the broom splinter into each one, to make sure it was done. There they were, — twelve hearts, and twelve rounds, — and when they were laid to cool on a big platter, Linda thought that there had never been just such cakes before. Then mamma gave her a piece of ginger-snap dough, and she cut out a man carrying an umbrella, or, at any rate, something which she said was a man carrying an umbrella. By the time this was baked, and she had admired the great loaves of sponge-cake, it was twelve o'clock, and Chester came running home, and wondered at the twenty-four little cakes, just as much as Linda thought he would. She had meant to keep her making them a secret till the next day, but Ola, instead of putting them in the closet, had set them on the dining-room table, just where he saw them first thing.

"I want one," he cried. "Can't I have just one, mamma?" and then Linda could not keep still.

"Don't eat 'em to-day, Chessie," she said. "I made 'em; they're for the party, every one o' them."

"O you couldn't! you don't know how to make cake."

"But I did, truly," Linda said. "Mamma

showed me how; and I made this ginger-snap man, too. Let's go sit in the swing and eat him."

Chester looked longingly at the little cakes, but followed Linda out.

"You don't limp a bit, do you?" he said. "Your foot's all well, isn't it?"

"I guess so," said Linda. "Anyway, it doesn't hurt me one bit."

That afternoon papa took them all to ride, and Monday morning they went over with him to get Grandma Ripley, who was to spend two or three days with them, and who came out, carrying a great basket.

"So Chester is six to-day," she said. "Dear me! it hardly seems a day since I carried him about in my arms. He was the best-natured baby I ever did see."

"He's pretty good-natured now," said Linda, "only when he plagues me."

"He won't plague you when he's older," said grandma. "Boys like to tease their sisters when they're small, because they don't know any better; but when he gets nearer to being a man, he'll be ashamed to. The older he grows, and the more he knows, the more pains he will take to please you."

"O, grandma made a poetry! grandma made a poetry!" shouted Chessie, glad to change the subject. "Make some more, grandma."

"Who was it I saw in the candy store this morning," said papa, "buying nobody knows how many sticks? A small boy just about your size, Chester. I think he was some relation to another small boy I know, who spent ten cents in pea-nuts, and ate every one, and then cried all night."

"I didn't eat a single stick," said Chester. "I didn't get 'em to eat. They weren't sticks, either; they were mottoes, and I bought them for mamma."

"O! then mamma wants to cry all night."

"Why papa, you don't remember anything. They're for the party this afternoon. I saw mamma put 'em in a fruit-dish. O, I wish you'd drive real fast. Isn't it most time for them all to come?"

"Half-past two," said papa, looking at his watch. "I think you can dress in an hour and a half. I could."

Chester looked doubtful, and rushed into the house, and up-stairs, the moment the rockaway stopped at the gate. Linda followed, just as much in a hurry, and both dressed as quickly as mamma would let them.

"I wish Linnie had a splendid silk dress," said Chester, as he looked at the plain white one, tied with a broad, blue sash. "I wish she had a yellow silk, with red flowers on it."

"Fanny Mitchell always wears silk dresses at her parties," said Linda, "and I haven't got one. Why don't I have one, mamma?"

"Because you are hardly old enough, dear. If you soil this dress, it can be washed easily; and even if you tore it, it would not be very hard to mend. Time enough for silk dresses when you are a young lady."

"It takes a great while to get to be one," said Linda, with a sigh. "I wish — what's the matter with Chessie? Do hear him pound, mamma."

"I can't get into the parlor!" shouted Chester from below. "Somebody's gone and locked the parlor, mamma!"

"Why!" said Linda, running down, and pulling at the knob. "So they have, mamma, and the key's gone too. Where is it?"

"Never mind," said mamma, coming to the head of the stairs. "You will very soon know why 'tis locked, so don't tease about it; but after the children have taken off their things, take them into the dining-room. I am coming down in a few minutes."

"I never did know anything so queer," said Linda. "'Tisn't Christmas, so it can't be a Christmas tree."

"Let's peek through the key-hole," said Chester.

"No, that's mean. It isn't nice to peek or listen, when you know people don't want you to. There's the bell, and Ola's going. O, it's Molly and Fred!"

I'm afraid Chester would have peeked if the children had not begun to come, for he was a very small boy, you know; but Molly and Fred stopped any such thought, and right behind them came Annie and Tommy Paul, and in a few moments the Mitchell children, and soon the dining-room was almost filled with a laughing, merry crowd.

Though 'twas late afternoon, the sun still shone down nice and warm; and very soon Fred, and one or two other boys, who never could bear to stay in the house, and had been looking out ever since they came, went out, and in a minute were turning somersaults, and hanging by one leg, and doubling themselves up in all sorts of ways on the two bars, while four of the little girls got into the great swing.

"Where is Jake? I've been looking everywhere for him," said Chester, coming out. "I

know he was in the dining-room yesterday morning, and I haven't seen him since."

"I guess he's dropped behind the sofa," said Linda, and Chester ran back and looked again.

"I do believe he's got locked up in the parlor," he said, once more half tempted to peek through the key-hole; but the boys called, and he ran out to find all the children at the end of the yard, by the big door, through which the wood was carried into the wood-house.

This wood-house was a long, very low building, running the entire length of the yard, and just high enough to allow a man to stand upright in it. Here the winter wood was piled up close, after it had been sawed and split, save on one side, where was a narrow wooden track, over which a large box on wheels ran back and forth, like a little car. Standing behind and pushing, even Chester could easily roll a load of wood to the kitchen door, and carry it all from there to the different boxes, and thus a great deal of hard work was saved. The car carried other things than wood, for Linda and Chester, and all the little boys and girls who came to see them, rode up and down the track, and played they were conductors and expressmen, or passengers, just as they liked. To-day the box had an old shawl spread on the bottom, so that the little girls' dresses need not be soiled, and all took turns in riding, each one going just where they liked.

"All aboard for New York!" Fred Harmon shouted, and Fanny Mitchell and Hattie Andrews slid down the track; and getting out with a great many airs, pretended they were fine ladies in the Central Park. Then Molly Harmon and Annie Paul stopped at Niagara Falls, while two other girls went to China, and three boys to Kamtschatka. By this time the sun had set, and the children all went in.

"Why don't we go into the parlor?" whispered Fanny Mitchell to some of the girls. "Seems to me it's very queer, to have to stay in the dining-room."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Molly Harmon; "but there's something in there, I think. We shall know pretty soon, for it's 'most six o'clock now."

"Now, children," said Mrs. Ripley, coming into the dining-room, "'tis twilight, and just the time for 'Hide-and-seek.' I have locked the doors of the places you are not to go in, and wherever else you can find a spot to hide, you may go."

"I don't think much of playing 'Hide-and-seek' at a party," said Fanny Mitchell, but Linda

was already counting out. "Two'd better hide at a time," she said, "because there are so many of us."

Molly and Fred Harmon were the ones chosen, and ran off in the best of spirits to find places. Soon "coop" sounded, and the children dashed up-stairs and down, pulling Molly out from the hall closet, but looking full five minutes for Fred, who was found at last in an empty barrel in the cellar, and who came out with his hair full of cobwebs. So the game went on, till it came Fred's turn again; and this time every child declared that every corner in the house had been searched, and still no Fred was to be found.

"Where *can* he be?" said Linda. "'Coop' again, Fred, do."

"Coop!" came from up-stairs; and once more the children ran, but still no trace of Fred.

"Half-past six!" said Mrs. Ripley, and at the same time a little bell rang.

"Now we shall know," said all together, when, right from the ceiling it seemed, fell a pair of legs, and hung for a moment, dropping then to the floor, and showing a body and head, with a very red face, belonging to nobody but Fred, who all this time had been in a little niche over the linen-closet. There was no time to ask how he could have got there, for the little bell sounded once more, and every one hurried to the dining-room, which now was quite dark.

"All the little ones in front," said Mrs. Ripley, placing them in a line, close to the parlor door, "and you older ones stand back" of them. When the door opens, all go forward into the parlor, as far as the line stretched across it, but don't try to break it down, or get under. Do not talk, either, but keep very still."

"What *is* it?" whispered two or three. "O, I'm almost frightened!"

There was a sound of music from the parlor. Some one was playing a gay march. The folding-doors slid suddenly apart, though no one could be seen near them; there was a blaze of light from the upper end of the room. The children pressed in, up to the cord, which stretched from side to side: then stood perfectly still, too astonished to speak, even had they wished.

In the bay-window stood a table, and from this table rose an arch of evergreens and flowers, with little candles every few inches, just like a Christmas tree. Back of it another arch was formed by a dozen Chinese lanterns; and back of these still were more pine wreaths and flowers. Within this little, green bower, stood at one side the missing Jake; and against the other,

half leaned a smaller doll than he. Chester looked for a moment, and then, quite unable to keep still, shouted, "It's Jake's wife! O, I know it's Jake's wife!"

Now began the wonder. As Chester spoke, Jake turned and bowed to the audience; then crossing the small space to the other side, said, putting out his hand, "Come, Dinah."

Dinah stood still.

"O, come now!" said Jake. "Don't be bashful."



Dinah took one step: hesitated; then as Jake seemed to urge, stepped forward again, and both went on in a very strange and jerky way, to the centre of the arch, where Jake, bowing once more, said, in a small, squeaky voice, "We are ready, sir."

"Very well, sir," said a deep voice from somewhere. "Stand up straight."

The children almost held their breaths. Such an amazing pair had never before been seen in Minneapolis.

"It's a fairy tale," said Linda to herself.

The music stopped. Jake held his head up so high, it seemed as if he would fall over backward. Dinah hung down hers, till they were sure she would fall forward; and then the voice came again, "So you have come to be married, Jake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; I am a Justice of the Peace, and can do it; but I must first ask you a question or two. Can you support a wife?"

"Pretty well, sir," said Jake, as Dinah fell forward, almost knocking him over. "Pretty well, sir; but I'd a little rather she'd stand on her own feet."

"No, no," said the voice; "I mean, have you money enough to buy all she will want for the rest of her life?"

"Chester has," said Jake. "He'll see to that."

Chester jumped at hearing Jake actually speaking to him, but stood firm, looking wildly at the pair.

"Will you be kind to Dinah, as long as you live?" the voice went on. "Never leave her out over night on the grass, or hanging in the grapevine, with her head down?"

"I can't promise, sir; Chester does that. Of course I wouldn't of myself."

"Then Chester must be spoken to. Chester, will you see that Jake and Dinah are always in the house by bedtime?"

"Yes, sir," said Chester, in a faint voice, taking hold of Linda's hand.

"And you, Dinah. Do you promise to be a good wife to Jake,—to keep his house and clothes in order, and nurse him when he is sick?"

"Yes, sir," said Dinah, in a very gentle little voice.

"Then that is all that is necessary. I pronounce you man and wife. Fifty cents, if you please."

"All right, sir," said Jake. "Chester's got the money. I'll take it now, Chester."

"What?" said Chester, still holding Linda's hand. "I haven't got fifty cents. Does it cost fifty cents to get married?"

"I will pay," said Mrs. Ripley, dropping the cord; and, stepping forward, she laid the fifty cents on the table. "I congratulate you, Jake. Come, children, Jake and Dinah are waiting to be congratulated."

The children came forward, at first very tim-

idly; then, growing bolder, went close to the table.

"What does do it?" said Fanny Mitchell. "Of course they can't talk; they're nothing but rags, you know."

"Nothing but rags!" repeated Jake, so fiercely, that Fanny stepped back suddenly. "I am morocco, and so is my wife. What are you?"

"Dust," said Fanny, without thinking.

"I thought so," said Jake; "I had heard so. I had rather be morocco than dust, any day. Mrs. Ripley, these candles will be out in a minute. I'm hungry. Isn't supper ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Ripley. "Will you come out, or have some brought to you?"

"Have it brought," said Jake, "and in the mean time I'll dance."

The music struck up "Money Musk," and Jake, seizing Dinah, whirled around the arch.

"Wait till they're gone," said Dinah. "I never did like to dance before people."

"They're all friends," said Jake.

How the children laughed, for Dinah, in one of the pauses, suddenly upset Jake, and then danced on his back; till Jake, jerking himself up, danced her into a corner, and held her there. The last candle in the Chinese lanterns died down, and the children, turning to the dining-room, saw the long table lighted up brilliantly.

"Come to supper now," said Mrs. Ripley; "and when you have had yours, you can take some in to Jake. This is his wedding-cake."

Sure enough, in great letters on the cake, were the words, JAKE AND DINAH; and when the merry supper ended, the still astonished children watched Chester cut a great slice, and put it with other good things on a plate for the new couple. Then came the strangest thing of all, — for, going back to the parlor, there was no table in the bay-window; no arch, no Jake, no Dinah, — only the Chinese lanterns, and the wreaths above them.

"It's the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Fred Harmon. "I wouldn't wonder if we'd every one of us been asleep."

"O!" screamed Chester. "Here they are on the sofa. Are you married, Jake? Do you truly want some supper?"

Not a word said Jake, or Dinah either, though every child in turn took them up, and asked what it all meant.

"I told you 'twas 'Arabian Nights,'" said Fred.

"Nonsense!" said Molly. "I know there's some trick, if we could only find out."

"You never will," came suddenly from Jake, who was held in Fred's hand. Fred jumped, as

if he had been shot: and so did the others; but that was the very last word Jake was ever heard to speak. The children went home, still puzzled, and for a month all the school wondered. As for Chester and Linda, they spent half their time talking with Jake and Dinah, always ending with begging their mother to tell exactly how it had been. Papa sat listening one evening, with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"Why do you never ask me?" he said.

"But you weren't home till bed time."

"O yes, I was, and close by you all the time: at any rate, till Jake and Dinah went and sat on the sofa."

"Where, O where?" screamed Linda.

"There, O there!" said papa, pointing to the bay-window. "Under the table, pulling all sorts of little strings and wires. There were holes bored in a big board, which, covered with a table-cloth, looked just like a table to you; and I nearly broke my back looking up, and watching to see that the right strings were pulled."

"Did you do the talking too?" asked the children. "O, how could you? It seemed just as if it was truly them."

"Ventriloquism," said papa; but the meaning of this long word I shall leave you to find out. Some big sister, or brother, or aunt, will tell you just what it means; and if they cannot, the big Dictionary can. When you know, you will see how easy it would have been to make twenty Jakes and Dinahs talk, if necessary. Chester has, I think, always been a little sorry to know that Jake never *really* said a word. He told me this story, and one very warm afternoon last summer, I was invited to take tea with the dolls. I spent two or three hours with Amelia, and Jake, and Dinah, in a little room in the tower, which had been made into a play-house. Dinah had lost her turban and her apron, and was in bed, covered up tight.

"Jake can't be a good husband, Chester," I said, "if he does not get clothes enough for Dinah."

"Tisn't his fault a bit," Chester said, quickly.

"He gives her things all the time; but then, you see, she keeps losing 'em."

So, after all, it seems that Jake has kept his promise better than Dinah.

Chester is almost eight years old now, and hardly willing to admit that he plays much with dolls; but if you want to know the whole truth from himself, just write a letter, directed to Chester Ripley, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and he may tell you a good many things I have forgotten, and some that I never knew, about Jake's wedding.

FATHER GANDER'S RHYMES ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

FOR MIDDLE-SIZED CHILDREN.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

FATHER GANDER'S PREFACE.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE has had her say,
Some simple things she taught you, —
Light baby-rhymes for Christmas times, —
Such were the themes she brought you.

Good Mother Goose, she sang her songs,
More than you now can number;
Oft did they make young tears and ache
Turn into golden slumber.

It was a pretty thing to see
How oft you stopped and listened,
And checked your cries and wiped your eyes,
That opened wide and glistened,

While your dear mother o'er and o'er
Beguiled you with her singing, —
How Jack and Jill went up the hill,
How Banbury bells went ringing,

How Horner ate his Christmas pie,
Cock Robin was assaulted,
How young Bo-peep lost all her sheep,
How moonstruck Mooley vaulted.

How in a huge shoe sat the dame,
By countless children worried,
While breadless broth and blows, when wroth,
She gave them, bedward hurried.

How piper's sons stole countless pigs,
How blackbirds sang while baking, —
Such were the rhymes, in those young times,
Heard between sleep and waking.

Good Mother Goose a helper was,
Whom we will never slander;
But now you care no more for her,
Listen to Father Gander.

You left the nursery long ago,
You need good books — not nurses.
So may our pages suit your ages,
And may you like our verses.

THE BEAR AND THE SQUIRRELS.

To the tune of "Heigh ho!" says Anthony Rowley."

THERE was an old Bear that lived near a wood
(His name it was Growly, Growly),
Where two little Squirrels gathered their food,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
O, a terrible fellow was Growly!

The two little Squirrels they lived in a tree,
Growly, Growly, Growly!
They were so merry, and happy, and free,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
"Don't come near me," says Growly.

The Squirrels were rather afraid of the Bear,
Growly, Growly, Growly,
With his claws, and his teeth, and his shaggy
hair;
For their ramble, scramble, chittery tit,
Made too much noise for Growly.

So whenever the Bear came into the wood,
Growly, Growly, Growly!
The Squirrels ran, and dropped their food,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit;
"Those nuts are all mine," says Growly.

One day old Bruin lay down in the shade,
Growly, Growly, Growly, —
Under the tree where the Squirrels played,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
"I'll just take a nap," says Growly.

Old Bruin then began to snore,
Growly, Growly, Growly;
Said the Squirrels, — "We'd rather hear that
than a roar;
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit,
We'll wake you up, old Growly!"

So, plump on his nose a nut they dropped,
Growly, Growly, Growly!
When all of a sudden the snoring stopped,
With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
"Plague take the flies!" — says Growly.

So he turned him round to sleep again,
 Growly, Growly, Growly,
 When down came the nuts like a patter of rain,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
 "It's hailing!" — says Sir Growly.

"No matter," says Bruin, "I'll have my nap!"
 Growly, Growly, Growly;
 So he slept again, when tap, tap, tap,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
 They pelted him well, — old Growly.

Then up he sprang and looked all around,
 Growly, Growly, Growly;
 But nothing he saw, and he heard no sound
 But a ramble, scramble, chittery tit, —
 "Why, what can it be?" — says Growly.

At last he looked up into the tree,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 And there the little rogues saw he,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!
 "Why, what's the matter, old Growly?"



"You often have made the poor Squirrels run,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 So now we thought we would have some fun,
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit!"
 "It served me right," — says Growly.

And so the old fellow he saw the joke,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 And began to laugh till they thought he'd choke

With a ramble, scramble, Ha, ha, ha!
 "What a capital joke!" says Growly.

Sir Bruin then grew gentle and mild,
 Growly, Growly, Growly!
 And played with the squirrels like a child
 With a ramble, scramble, chittery tit,
 And lost the name of Growly.

WILLIAM FITZ* ROBERT AND HELIE OF ST. SAEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS."

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM FITZ-ROBERT AT ST. SAEN.

IN the castle of St. Saen sits the Lady Alicia. The embroidery frame before her holds a gorgeous banner, upon which she is tracing a glowing pattern in scarlet and gold. But too often she drops her needle to look out over the wet, dreary moorland, where, since break of day, no living creature has been seen. The daylight is fading now, and she sighs to think that this day has passed as fruitlessly as the last; but she bids the servants pile great logs into the wide fire-place, and light all the torches in the court-yard. "And let Osbert not cease to listen for hoof beats," she says, "for I would not have my lord arrive, even at midnight, and not find his welcome."

Out in the storm, over broken roads, and through gloomy forests, the young Baron, Helie of St. Saen, is riding on his good black horse, and his face is set toward the castle, where his beautiful wife awaits him. As the rain beats more pitilessly, he folds his thick doublet closer about a pale-faced boy, who sits before him on the saddle, and with cheering words encourages the tired child to bear up yet an hour longer. "For, if I mistake not," he says, "yonder lights on the edge of the moorland are the torches of my own court-yard; and were it not that good Rupert has had so hard a journey to-day, he would make short work with the two leagues that lie between us and our home."

The child, with timid courtesy, gives thanks for the warm wrapping, and settles wearily into the shelter of the strong arm that enfolds him, and so, through the driving rain, they toil on toward the castle.

And now Osbert hears the sound of Rupert's hoofs, the servants come hurrying out with their torches, the drawbridge is lowered, and the young baron rides over it, and is at home. He tosses Rupert's rein to Gilbert, greets old Osbert with a kindly word, but, with the child in his arms, hastens through the throng to the doorway, where stands the Lady Alicia with the rain dripping from her fair hair. For a whole long month he has been away to the king's court at Winchester, and she has heard no word from him; for you must know that the time of which I am

* Fitz means son of.

telling was seven hundred years ago, when there was no such thing as a post-office, and few people indeed knew how to write letters, if they could have sent them.

I can't tell you how glad they are to see each other, nor how tenderly they comfort the little boy, who looks with strange, sad eyes, at the beautiful lady, the great roaring fire, and the glitter and shine that flicker over the walls.

"He will be a son to you, as well as a brother," says the baron, as the lady draws the little William closer to her side, and chafes his cold, wet hands with her own warm palms.

"He has our father's brow and hair," she answers, "but his eyes must be his mother's. They say the Lady Sybella was very beautiful."

Long after the child had fallen asleep in his little bed, the young baron sits with his beautiful wife, and warms himself by the cheerful blaze, while he tells her of the court, of her uncle, King Henry, of her poor father, Duke Robert of Normandy; of the king's cruelty and treachery in entrapping his truthful, generous brother, and imprisoning him; and then he adds, "It is well I was there; for when little William was brought before him, the king, melted for a moment by his tender age and sad face, said, as if with an effort to subdue his rising anger, 'Is there any one who will take charge of this boy?' and I alone of them all stood forward and claimed the right. It shall go hard but that I will keep safely what has been committed to my care; and I fear the king's clemency may not be of long continuance. Now at least we can make the poor child happy, for he has never known a mother's care, or the peace and comfort of a home. I heard at court that he was scarcely a week old when the Lady Sybella died; and there are strange rumors of how the duke's household affairs were administered for these five years past. However that may be, I could but say, under my breath, when I saw the two brothers face to face, 'Duke Robert is a kinglier man than Henry.'"

To this eventful night two happy years succeeded. The child's eyes lost their strange, sad look, his cheeks bloomed, and his voice sounded merrily through the corridors of the castle.

His half-sister was more than a sister to him. She had no children of her own, and a mother's

love was lavished on the little William Fitz-Robert. When she petted him, her husband would say, "Have a care, dame; do not make a girl of him. Come now, he shall go to the hunt with me to-morrow." And so he learns the use of the bow and spear, and he rides fearlessly and well, and grows tall and robust, as well as blooming and gay.

One day the hunt leads them far away through forest and morass; and when night closes about them, they are many leagues distant from St. Saen.

William rides beside the baron, with perfect trust that he is safe in such company; and he asks no questions when they turn suddenly from their homeward road, and, after a short, though rough ride through the woods, come out upon a highway that leads them to the gates of an old and partially ruined castle. Here St. Saen blows his bugle, and is answered by the warder, who, as soon as he sees his high-born guest, hastens to lower the drawbridge, and give him welcome.

"Say to your master that Helie of St. Saen sends him greeting, and asks his hospitality for the night," said the baron; and presently they are led into a warm and cheerful room. The firelight glows on the walls and low ceiling, and flickers on the white hair of an old man, whose mild blue eyes and gentle mien are a rare sight to warriors. He rises to meet them with a stately courtesy, but in an instant opens his arms to the boy, who has sprung forward with the cry, "Why, it is my dear old Edgar!"

Yes, it is Edgar Atheling, the last Saxon heir to the English throne,—a harmless, gentle old man, more than half a child, who has seen all fortunes, good and ill; has had the king's crown upon his head; has seen many wars, and borne his share valiantly in them; whose bravery has never been doubted, however much his wisdom may have been; and who, through all, has had a child's loving heart, quick to forgive, tender to cherish. He shared Duke Robert's fortunes, and loved him well; and, in his gentleness, was little William's chief companion and devoted friend.

How gladly they find each other again. How Edgar looks with proud delight on his boy's tall, lithe figure, and rosy face. How gladly hears him tell of his happy home, and his pleasures there.

Then such a feast is set in the great hall. The torches flare from between stags' antlers on the wall; the meats are brought in, steaming odor-

ously, and the wines of France fill the silver drinking horns. And, what is best of all to the boy, the old man warms into animated talk of the bygone days; tells tales of the Crusade, on which he went with William's father; of their triumphant journey home through Italy; of the gay Norman court, and the beautiful ladies. Then of King Malcolm of Scotland, of Siward the Brave, and Edric the Forester; of Hereward in the Isle of Ely; and of the two Earls, Edwin and Morcar. Or, with half a sigh, goes back to the field of Hastings, which, as a boy, he well remembers; tells of Harold, and Duke William the Conqueror.

"You bear your grandfather's name, my boy; and it is the name of a great warrior," he says to the child.

"And I will be a great warrior," answers the boy, drawing himself up to his full height, and showing in his flashing eyes something of his grandfather's bold, determined spirit.

The early morning finds old Edgar taking leave of his guests; and we shall see no more of him till misfortune affords him an opportunity to befriend the boy whom he loves.

So the two happy years roll by; and then a king's messenger comes to St. Saen with the royal commands for the Baron Helie to repair at once to the court at Winchester, there to receive orders for an embassy to Earl Baldwin, in Flanders.

"This mission bodes evil," says the baron to his wife. "I fear me much that King Henry intends some harm to the boy, and sends me to Flanders, merely to put me out of the way. Be therefore on your guard; and if messengers come from court, let Osbert convey the child secretly to the castle of Edgar Atheling, and let me have word of it, if you must even send Gilbert to Flanders, to bear the news."

So saying, he tenderly takes leave of her, and embracing the little William, rides away to Winchester.

Ten days later a gallant train appears before the walls of St. Saen, just as twilight is deepening over the moorland. The baroness knows well the court insignia, and, hastily bidding her little brother go to his room, she prepares herself to receive Sir Anault and Sir Guisbert, who, with their attendants, are already in the court-yard.

"We greet you from the king, fair lady, who bids us say that it is his pleasure to see his beloved nephew, William Clito, at court."

In her heart the Lady Alicia answers, "That shall never be," but her lips speak words of cour-

teous welcome. "The child is now asleep; and you, my lords, may well need refreshment, after your long journey. Rest then to-night, and partake of our hospitality; and in the morning you shall take the boy, and return to Winchester. I would that my husband were here, to give you fairer cheer than I can offer; but all that St. Saen affords is at your command."

Then she causes a rich feast to be prepared, and with her own fair hands pours the delicious wines for their drinking. But all the while she listens anxiously for sounds in the court-yard below; and once she steals away to kiss the little sleeper, whom she may not see again for many a long day. At last a muffled sound of horse-hoofs assures her that some one is passing the drawbridge, and she turns with a lighter heart to the task of entertaining her guests.

In the morning all is consternation in the castle. The child is gone; and old Osbert, too, has strangely disappeared, no one can tell whither. The disappointed courtiers are at a loss how to proceed. Shall they scour the country, to find the boy; or shall they return to court for orders from the king? The latter course is finally chosen, and, leaving a volley of hard words behind them, they ride away no better than they came.

Meanwhile Gilbert has ridden all night, reached the sea-coast, and taken ship for Flanders. And Osbert and William are safe in the stronghold of Edgar Atheling's castle.

The errand to Earl Baldwin proves indeed to have been but a subterfuge; and Helie hastens home as soon as his wife's summons reaches him. But he knows that England is no longer a safe place for his young charge, and, crossing over to France with him, he seeks the court of the Count of Anjou.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM LONGSWORD IN NORMANDY.

GUESTS are expected at the castle of Amauri de Montfort. A gallant company is met to receive them in the great banquetting hall. On the walls armor shines, and banners wave. Minstrels twang their harp-strings as they tune them for accompaniment to songs that are to tell of brave deeds.

The Earl Montfort is gay, handsome, rich, and brave. He bears no love to Henry of England, who has ousted him from the earldom of Hereaux; and he has invited Helie, of St. Saen, and his youthful charge (Duke Robert's son), to

be his guests. Already have they travelled to Brittany, to Guienne, to Burgundy, always with the one purpose,—of securing aid to claim the boy's rights. And William (by this time fifteen years old) has, by his gallant feats of arms, won himself the title of Longsword. De Montfort has more than half given his word that he will stand by the young duke in a war against Henry.

The knights talk one with another of the old days, when this boy's father ruled Normandy,—carelessly indeed, and with many evils: but never ungenerously, or falsely. And then of his young son, their rightful duke, for whom they cherish the idea of securing the English throne.

"Why," cries Sir Herlouin, "do not all men know that Duke Robert made a contract with his brother, King William Rufus, that the longer liver of the two should inherit all the other's domains? Who, then, is this upstart, Henry, that he should keep the father languishing in prison, and the young prince a wanderer in foreign lands?"

And while they talk, there is a stir and bustle at the door, and the Baron Helie enters with the handsome youth at his side. As they pass up the long hall, to their seats beside the host, there are murmurs of satisfaction among the knights. One says, "He has his father's frank bearing." Another, "But his mother's beauty." And yet another older knight adds, "You do not remember his grandfather, Duke William. I tell you the boy has all his courageous spirit: I can see it in his glance, in his step, in every motion."

The feast goes merrily: and while the wine cup is passed from hand to hand, the minstrels sing old songs of Bernard the Dane; of Richard Sans Peur, and his battles with King Lothaire. Then the harp is handed from one knight to another, and each has some song to sing. When it reaches William, he sings of his lost kingdom, his blind and imprisoned father; and then, in a voice full of defiant courage, breaks out into the song of Roland, that was sung by his grandfather's army, as they went into battle at Hastings. Ere he has finished the first measure, all the guests are on their feet, their shining swords drawn, and their voices united in the grand old battle song. As it ends, they turn to the young duke, crying, "These swords are yours! Lead us where you will!"

Then De Montfort says, "I pledge myself to bring to your standard not only my own men-at-arms, but also the Counts of Guienne and Burgundy, with five thousand lances each; and it

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may be, the young Earl of Flanders, with as many more. To-morrow finds me on my way to Paris, to see if King Louis will not make common cause with us. Meantime let each knight hasten home, to rouse all Normandy for the war."

De Montfort has gone to Paris, and William is at the castle of the Count of Anjou, when he is sought by a messenger from his uncle, bringing greetings most tenderly worded, and full of affection for his "dear nephew," to whom he offers three earldoms if he will only resign all claim to the throne.

William waits not a moment to consider the proposal; he simply answers, "I ask only for my rights: to the three earldoms I have no claim."

When this bold answer reaches him, King Henry prepares for war.

Normandy is already in arms, and Amauri's success at court is such that King Louis himself leads the French to battle. On the wide plains, near Rouen, the two armies meet. William begins the battle with a charge so impetuous as to break the first line of the English; but it is Norman against Norman: the bravest troops in the world drawn up against each other; and so for hours the scale of victory hangs even; till the veteran soldiers (Henry's household troops), by their terrible charge, give the conquest to the English.

Then King Louis proposes to try another method of securing the throne for William. The Pope holds a council at Rheims. To him they will apply; and the young duke's claims once sanctioned by his Holiness, Henry must speedily yield. So an embassy from Paris hastens to Rheims.

Meanwhile rumors reach England of this defeat of the Norman army; but there are whisperers, too, that it was as like to be a defeat to the English, — and here is one prisoner, Sir William de Crispin, a Norman knight, who had well-nigh ended King Henry's life with two great strokes of his battle-axe. "And now," say the English barons, "if the Pope is on the side of William Longsword, why should we stand against his Holiness?" And they speak the more earnestly, because Henry's only son, Prince William, has been heard to threaten that when he comes to the throne, he will yoke the English people to the plough.

But these barons do not know their crafty king. Rich gifts are humbly presented to the Pope from Henry of England, and a message comes in return, that the Holy Father is entirely

satisfied with the conduct of his faithful servant, Henry: and William's cause is down again.

There have been treaties of peace. Henry has made his own son William Duke of Normandy. William Longsword is for the time almost alone and friendless. But let us see what is doing at the English court. Why do the courtiers gather in knots, and whisper with anxious faces? Why does the king restlessly wander to the windows that command the high road from Dover? Why does no one speak of fears, which evidently fill all minds? Even the king has not dared to ask for news of his son, who sailed from Normandy in Fitz-Stephen's "White Ship," four days ago. A little boy comes in, weeping bitterly. He is led into the presence of the king. Does Henry remember that other time, twenty years ago, when his brother's little son came into his presence weeping? Why does this child grieve, and what are the words he speaks between his sobs? "O sire! the 'White Ship' is lost, and all on board have perished."

King Henry has lost his only son. Now, at last, one would think he might be moved to regard his nephew's rights. But no; there is still his daughter, the Empress Maud, and the crown shall be hers, although it has never before descended to a woman. And the barons are called to swear allegiance to Maud and to her heirs forever. They take the oath, although in their hearts they say, "Prince William is dead. He will never fulfill his boast of yoking us to the plough, and William Longsword shall be our king."

Again Normandy is in arms for its young duke. But Henry surprises and captures most of the leaders of the insurrection, and checks the revolt before it has time to come to maturity.

King Louis despairs of success, and contents himself by making William Earl of Flanders; and it is from Flanders that he plans his last attack upon his uncle.

Shall we go back once more to the castle of St. Saen, to the Baron Helie, and the Lady Alicia? The baron is an old man now; his armor hangs upon the wall, and his sword lies idle; but his heart is in Flanders, with the warlike fortunes of the boy whom he loves.

They sit watching across the moorland, as of old; and on a bright September day, a messenger rides slowly and sadly toward the castle. It is young Odo of Bayeux, the faithful friend and companion of Fitz-Robert.

"He brings news from our boy," cries the baron; and he meets the young knight at the gateway, with a hearty welcome.

Odo, with a heavy heart, bows his head, as he says, "I bring to you a last greeting from my master; to you, as he bade me say, who have been his truest friends; who taught him to keep his conscience clear, and his heart brave. He charged me, also, to entreat you, if it be possible, to convey his farewell to his poor, imprisoned father. Would to God it had been the lot of this dutiful son to give to him one taste of freedom ere he died."

And then he tells of the skirmish with the Landgrave of Alsace; of William's gallant conduct, as he headed the charge that drove the

Landgrave's troops from the field. A dear-bought victory: for the Landgrave's lance pierced the hand of our prince; and although he rode to St. Omer, and there was cared for by the pious monks, all their herbs and lotions were of no avail; fever set in, and he died, — died, asking pardon of all whom he had injured, and charging Odo with messages of love and farewell to his friends.

Two coronets and a crown, the Earldom of Flanders, the Dukedom of Normandy, the Kingdom of England, might have been his.

A gallant knight, a brave, true-hearted gentleman, with a spirit superior to misfortune, he spent his whole life warring against an adverse fate.

MORE LITTLE ARTISTS AND STORY-TELLERS.

BY ANNE SILVERNAIL.



WHILE Aunt Gitty was in a great city the next winter, she found that Harry and Walter, the children of the friend she was visiting, spent some of their leisure in drawing pictures and telling stories. It is true they had very little leisure, for their regular business of jumping, and

running in the yard and on the sidewalks, must be attended to; and beside learning their lessons, and reciting them to a teacher, who came to the house, they had the care of many pets. Harry had eight bantams. There were Billy, and Billy's wife, and Billy's wife's children. Billy

was a perfect beauty. He had long spurs, and was very game. He lived, with his family, in the back yard, in a house built for him by Harry himself.

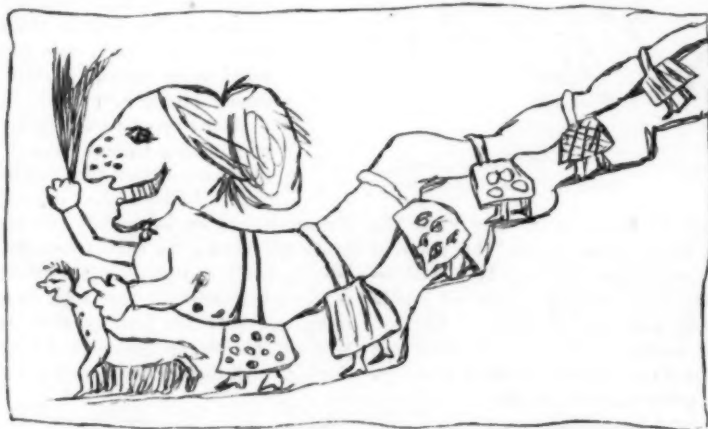
Walter had a half-grown white bantam, named Bob, if it should turn out to be a rooster: and Fanny, if it was the other kind. It was too small to endure the cold out-doors, except for a little while; so it had a cage in the kitchen, and was only let out for air and exercise, or to be fed from the boy's hands. Sometimes, to the despair of the cook, its meals were served on her nicely scoured table; and sometimes it was brought into the dining-room at breakfast time, and set on the back of a chair, to be admired by papa and

mamma. Mamma said it was almost equal to a canary-bird, it had so many notes. It was worth something to hear it scold when Pussina came near it. Pussina was a fat yellow and white kitten, owned in common by the two boys; and they spent much time in teaching her manners.

They also owned, in common, a little black ball of a puppy, called Jet. His gambols with Pussina required a deal of watching, and caused much laughter.

Harry and Walter had some queer names for animals. One day, Aunt Gitty heard Walter calling the kitten Zich, and asked him where he found the name.

"O," said Walter, "that is what we boys call



The wicked Virgin.

cats. We call them Ziches, and Molrows. Dogs we call Mutz, and Gheezers, and Kiyelps, and Kiyutes."

When the young bantams were named, it was settled that their names should all begin with B, because Billy's did. So, with their mamma's help, they found the five names that were needed, — Belle, Beauty, Blanche, Bessie, and Bettina. Maggie, Billy's wife, they called Bonnie Maggie, so that her name, like the others, might begin with B.

After tea, when the gas was lighted in the library, and their papa and mamma were there reading, or playing cribbage, the little boys stayed there too, and had good times reading their books, or covering scraps of paper with pictures. Harry could draw almost everything: but he excelled in pictures of animals, and in comical subjects. He also had a taste for the

terrible, and drew awful steamboat explosions, and tremendous battle pieces.

One day Walter, the youngest, was hanging about his mother, and calling her his "little pet," and "a cunning little darling," when he suddenly lifted his head from her lap, and said, "I wish I could write a story. If I tell one, will you write it for me, mamma?"

She said, "Yes, certainly." So he brought her a pencil and paper, and began to tell his story, while Harry dropped his pencil to listen, and Aunt Gitty laid down her book, to do the same. Here is what he told:—

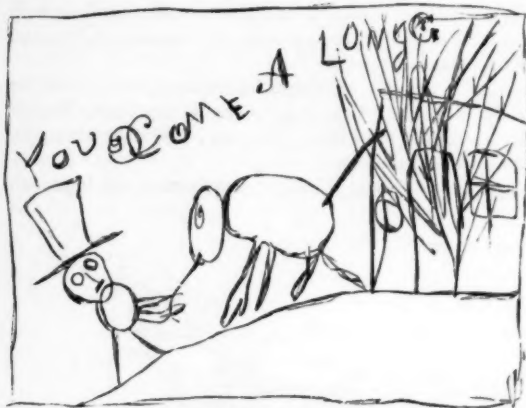
STORY OF THE WICKED VIRGIN.

Once there was a wicked virgin, and he had eight hundred legs; and he married a wife who had seven hundred legs, and he could hardly pay the bills for shoes, stockings, and dresses; and

the wife had such a large mouth, that she swallowed the little virgin up, and that is all.

Mamma and Aunt Gitty were delighted with the story. Who could help it? Mamma put it in her pocket to show to papa, and Harry

ding began to dance, and to kick his teeth, and he thought he would go to the dentist's, but was so frightened, that he began to roll down-hill; and that frightened a family of toads, sitting on toad-stools, eating their dinner off a toad-stool, and they rolled all the way down the fill into the water, and the man after them, and they were never heard of since.



Saving the horse.

drew a picture, to illustrate it. He made the wife holding the "wicked virgin" by the coat collar; and a miserable little imp he looked beside her. She had her seven hundred legs in pairs, and each pair wore a different kind of dress; but, of course, all the seven hundred legs could not be made on a small piece of paper, as half a dozen pairs reached to the edge; so one must imagine the rest coming along behind her, like those of a centipede.

After this, Walter often asked his mother, or Aunt Gitty, to write the stories he invented. Here is one of them:—

THE BAKED PUDDING.

Once there was a man painting the kitchen blinds, and there was a woman making a pudding, and the painter he fell in. So the woman baked the pudding, and it was taken on the table. The father said the pudding was not very good, and the mother thought it was too rich for her, and wouldn't take any. A poor beggar came along with a pot on his back, and a soup ladle on his head, and he had a cover to the pot; and so the woman gave him the pudding, and he swallowed it; and, when he was going down-hill, the pud-

ding began to dance, and to kick his teeth, and he thought he would go to the dentist's, but was so frightened, that he began to roll down-hill; and that frightened a family of toads, sitting on toad-stools, eating their dinner off a toad-stool, and they rolled all the way down the fill into the water, and the man after them, and they were never heard of since.

Walter had not so much love for making pictures as Harry; but, one morning, when there was much talk about the burning of a livery stable in the city the night before, and it was said that a large number of valuable horses perished in the flames, Walter was so much excited, that he drew a picture of a man leading a horse from a burning stable. No doubt this picture was a relief to his mind. It was almost like saving a horse himself.

About this time Harry drew a picture of an entertainment given to animals at the court of their king, the lion. In this picture, King Lion is sitting on his throne, waited on by lynxes and tigers; polite bears are bowing to each other, little dogs are playing cards, and leopards are drinking. Overhead, on the limb of a huge tree, an ape is drumming, and cats are fiddling and fluting, while peacocks, parrots, and guinea-fowls are doing the singing. All these were so well done, for a little



A piece of Harry's large picture.

artist, that when Aunt Gitty first saw them, she thought Harry had copied them from a book: but he did not. The picture is so large, that only some groups from it can be given here; such as the polite bears, the drinkers, and card-players, and a few of the musicians.

Harry and Walter had plenty of pet names for their mamma. Coming to the table, one day, Harry patted her under the chin as he passed her, saying, "You cunning little rogue, you."

Walter, afraid that some slight lurked in the

word "little," said, "No, no! She isn't little. She is forty times as tall as you are, Harry."

"That cannot be," answered Harry, quickly, "for, in that case, she would be one hundred and sixty feet tall."



A piece of Harry's large picture.

Harry measured himself so often, that he knew his own height exactly. He was anxious to grow up to be a man, for then he might get rich, he said; and if he did, he should buy all the bantams he wanted.

Finding a wish-bone in his meat, he said if he

could have three wishes, he should wish first, that he might be good forever (this in deference to mamma). For the second, he should wish that he might have a great deal of money; and for the third, that he might have a good wife. "Of course, mamma," he added, "I couldn't expect to



An elopement: Father and Mother after them.

get one as good as you: but one half as good would do very well."

Yet, much as Harry loved his mother, he had a way of thinking for himself; and sometimes

astonished her by the quickness with which he discovered any weak points in her lessons on morals, or other matters.

He was very busy one day, making some won-

derful thing, — scratching with awls, boring with gimlets, sawing, hammering, and whittling, — when his mother spoke to him of an errand, or something of that kind, which she thought he would like to do, but which was not strictly required of him. "Why, mamma!" he exclaimed, "I am busy."

"Well, my son," she said, "I thought this would be such a pleasure to you, that you could leave your work a little while."

"But, mamma, you have always told me, 'Business before pleasure,' and now do you say, 'Pleasure before business?' Aha, mamma, I've caught you! I'll have to tell papa that you say 'Pleasure before business' now."

In the long winter evenings, they did not always read, or draw pictures, or play by themselves. When there was no company, their papa and mamma sometimes played with them, — real children's plays. Then there were merry times. Sometimes their papa told them of things and places he had seen in his travels. How wonderful it was, to think that their own papa, sitting there before them, had seen white bears eating a dead whale, on the shore of Kamtchatka! They were curious about ships and the ocean, and would get their papa to box the compass, and tell them the names of all the sails, and ropes, and

everything about a ship, and the way men made it go.

A short time before Aunt Gitty went away, a gentleman, whose little daughter had once been Harry's playmate, came to the house on a visit. Harry, wishing to send the little girl something when her father went home, made a picture for her, and wrote under it, "An Elopement: Father and Mother after them."

The mother, in the picture, is a witch. This is plain, from the hump on her back, the cat which she carries by the back of its neck, and her own dreadful ugliness. The father is not much handsomer than the mother, but he looks well to do; and it is to be hoped that, after a few whacks with the broomstick that will not hit anybody, he will relent, and give the frisky young couple his blessing. Aunt Gitty was so much pleased with this picture, that she asked Harry to give her a copy to show to the little artists at her home: and he did.

Soon after, she was obliged to say "Good-by" to the little boys, and to her dear friend, the boys' mother and "cunning little darling," and to all the bantams, and everybody in the house, and the house itself, whose great, stony face (exactly like half a dozen each side of it) had at last seemed to look on her with a friendly air.

A LETTER FROM EGYPT.

JEREPHSAHAHU, ON THE NILE, Feb. 8.

MY DEAR BOY, — One evening, in Paris, a Chicago merchant said to me, "I would give a thousand dollars, if my boy, now twelve years old, could have been with me all to-day in the grand Exposition." I am not rich enough to talk of giving away thousands, but I cannot tell you how I sometimes long to have you, my twelve year old, see what I see. You would notice much that I do not observe, and remember much which I shall forget. I will not confess that I am superannuated, but I am too old for boyish impressions, and have no longer a boy's memory.

This is my twentieth day on a Nile steamer, so that my river voyage has already lasted twice as long as that across the Atlantic. Every day have I thought of writing you, and should have written before now, if I had seen fewer sights, or those easier to describe.

Let me first tell you of our steamer. It is called the *Khassid Khayr*, which signifies, "I

mean to succeed." It was built in England for the Pasha's yacht, and served a while for a family boat. You know his wives are more numerous than Brigham Young's. But, after a while, the sovereign, buying a new boat for his harem, began to let out this for hire; and, a month ago, I joined, with seventeen other Americans, in chartering it for a trip up to the first cataract.

We were strangers to each other, but all wished to see the same curiosities, and so naturally clubbed together.

We are — three men with their wives, two without them, three that have lost them, three that I judge are in search of wives, and four young ladies. Ten of us live west, and eight east. Eleven were born in New England, and two in Europe.

One of the first things you would wonder at here, is the trees. The acacia is something like our locust, but with a smaller leaf, and long white thorns. The sycamore is bullet-headed, and

makes a fine shade. I saw one sycamore in He-liopolis, which tradition holds to be the very one under which the Holy Family rested, on their flight into Egypt. There, possibly, I saw something on which the eyes of the infant Jesus gazed. I have seen many old trees, but none that looks so old as this. Its heart is eaten out by age, but its top is flourishing. Some of my fellow-travellers broke off sprigs, or cut their names in the bark; but I shrunk from doing it any harm.

You would notice the Atteel, as resembling our smoke-tree, and the Sout, which yields gum-arabic: but no tree would you see so often, or admire so much, as the Palm. But for the Palm, I could sometimes fancy the Nile to be the Mississippi. Each is nearer a mile than half a mile wide. Each eats away its banks, and shifts its channel. Each is crooked, and meanders round bluffs. The banks of each abound in cotton and sugar-cane, and the waters of each look dirty, but are good to drink, and liked by everybody. Palm-trees, however, are never out of sight, and show me that I cannot be in America, or in any part of Europe, unless the south of Spain. The stalk, or midrib, of a palm-leaf, is large enough for a cane, or whip-stock. Its blade is braided into mats and baskets. Its trunk is the best timber, and I need not tell you how good its dates are to eat. The truth is, though, that they are better here when fresh, than they can be after crossing the sea. If I had not much to write, I would tell you more about the precious palm. Look in your encyclopedia, and if you do not find at what age the palm begins to bear,—and how the natives climb its trunk, higher than a mast, and as straight,—then I will tell you when I get home.

We sail only by daylight, for fear of shoals. Twilight here is not half so long as in New England; so, directly after sunset, our boat stops beside the steep bank, a sailor throws a stake and beetle on land, jumps ashore, drives the stake in the earth, and moors our vessel. Sometimes we stop where there are no lights visible on shore, but more commonly where we can lay in supplies. Last night I noticed that our steward bought eggs at thirty-three cents a hundred.

You count the sun and moon for pretty old acquaintances; but, somehow, even they look differently in Egypt from what they do elsewhere. The reason is, that it never rains here, or so seldom, that everybody forgets the first shower before he sees a second. So the air is clear and the sky cloudless: hence, the sun and moon shine

brighter. When you grow up, may you see Karnak, as I have, beneath the full moon, and you will not care who sees the Alhambra or the Coliseum by moonlight. The sun is also doubly bright, because the twilight is so short, that he bursts on us as out of darkness. Thinking of these things, I do not wonder that half the Egyptians are suffering with sore eyes, and that men, blind of one eye, meet me at every turn.

We spent fourteen days in steaming from Cairo to Assouan, or (as perhaps your map prints it) Syene. The distance is no more than seven hundred miles; but then we sailed only by day, and up stream, and halted to see many sights.

On our passage we met some steamers,—more pleasure-boats, called *duhabees*,—and many more boats of burden. The yard crosses the mast at top, so as to look like a well-sweep. From this the sail hangs down, and, when spread, is shaped like an inverted pyramid. Many boats are loaded with feed, or shorts, piled up in pyramids. Rafts of water-jugs float down stream. One day we saw several hundred boats, all swarming with men, on their way to work on the railroad, which is now in building from Cairo up the Nile. One hundred and sixty miles of this route, namely, to Minieh, is already opened for travel. We thought that we saw as many as ten thousand workmen—in white turbans and butternut wrappers—in the rendezvous at Manfaloot. Each man had a palm-leaf basket; and we elsewhere have seen men scooping up earth in their hands, and thus filling their baskets. No contrivance for saving labor seems thought of.

These laborers are really slaves, though slavery was abolished here in name some years ago. The serfs may run away, if they will: but they have no place to run to. Much escapes my sight; but I still see that the land of Egypt is the house of bondage, as much as in the days of Moses. Yesterday, for instance, we stopped at Esneh for coal. A party of us walked up into the village, and saw a huge temple—more than two thousand years old—which has lately been dug out of the sand. Not only its stones, but the carving, and even paint, remain very perfect. But everybody says that the excavation was all made by men, driven to work with whips, and then paid nothing for their toil. All the other government enterprises are said to be carried on by enforced and unpaid labor. On our way up to the village, we met a troop of boys (some large, and some small), driven by men with whips and sticks. We thought nothing of it, till, on our return, we saw the same striplings bringing coal

on board our vessel, and learned that they had been impressed into service by the sheikh of the town, and must work without wages. Many of them were crying, and were beaten, like the Israelites by Pharaoh's task-masters. Our vessel, as owned by the Pasha, represents him; so that any resistance to its usurpations or oppressions, would be rebellion or treason. It would take several letters to tell you half what I hear about the tyrannies of the Pasha and his underlings.

His wealth is enormous. In Paris, I found him buying, at the Exposition, jeweled birds, and other rarities, which some sovereigns felt too poor to purchase. He has made much from sugar-houses, some of which have met our view every hour of our voyage. Some of these we have visited. Much work is done by steam, yet hundreds of workmen are also employed. As the works are in operation by night, no less than by day, many men off duty were asleep in the shade of walls. A long line of men, women, and children, hurried along by whip-bearing overseers, was bringing the cane from river-boats to the hopper of the crusher. Yet the sugar, for home consumption, is left brown, because Mohammedans count it wrong to use blood, and hence they cannot refine their sugar. Beside several sugar-houses, we saw palaces of the Pasha: and usually each of them must have cost as much as the whole village that stands next to it.

The villages are commonly of unburnt brick. The houses, without chimneys or visible windows, and flat-roofed, look like so many brick-kilns just ready for burning. In some villages, the upper stories are all used for dove-cotes, and bristle on every side with branches of trees, intended for pigeon roosts. Nowhere have I seen so many birds, wild and tame, as on the Nile.

Often we pass a village that has been half washed away by the encroachments of the Nile. Houses, and even mosques, are now and then met with, half washed away, — but left just as dilapidated as the water had made them. We landed to look at Koom Embo, a temple covered with sand almost to the top, but where the stones were as long as four men, and wider than I can reach. Quite a large village of sun-dried brick, close by, was without one inhabitant. The reason was that so much sand had blown on the fields around, that the people could not water them; and so could raise no crops.

We never look toward the banks, without seeing that the Nile is the life of Egypt. Women are at the water's edge, filling jars: men are filling skins of sheep, which they carry off on don-

keys, or camels. Others draw up the water by well-sweeps: others, standing two and two, scoop it up in a basket they swing between them. In other places, a buffalo turns a wheel, which raises, and empties, and fills again, an endless string of water-pots. Then much water is raised by steam, and more turned off in canals.

My letter is getting long, yet I have not begun to describe the many things you would be glad to see. We have had a dozen rides on donkeys. I will tell you of one, at Beni Hassan. Five donkeys were waiting for us when we wanted one, and their drivers besought our custom in a smattering of every known tongue. But we soon found that the whole drove had no saddles or bridles: and, at most, only a bit of blanket on their backs, and a packthread round their necks. We had brought saddles for our seven ladies, but the rest of us must content ourselves with the native equipments. Some of us were soon unhorsed, and the more, because, as soon as a donkey-driver secured a passenger, he drove his animal off at the top of his speed, and none of us knew enough of the native jargon, to say, "Stop," or "Slow." But those who fell off were more scared than hurt; for the donkeys are so small, that, all the while I ride, I can use my cane, just as if I were walking. Yet some of our ladies, whose saddles *turned*, suffered a little.

My first experience in camel riding was at Syene. We landed there, and were to ride six miles into Nubia. A noble white camel was kneeling on the bank, and his owner asked me to mount him. I started so to do: but the animal also started up the same instant. So sudden was his jerk, that I should have had a bad fall, had not two Arabs, knowing my inexperience, been on the watch, and helped me hold on. Thus assisted, I gained the saddle, or frame of rough sticks, and found my bearer as much higher than a horse as a horse is higher than a donkey. As we did not start at once, I ran a new risk, for, all at once, my camel pitched forward, and kneeled, so that he would have thrown me over his head, had I not very quickly seized the horn that rose in front of me, and also a rope-net, which covered the animal's back. I rode this camel all that day, and liked him so well, that I want to cross the desert on one. I like to sit high, as I can see the country better, and am also out of the dust. On a camel, I am also out of the reach of beggars and peddlers, who, for a while, amused me, as I rode on a donkey, but finally became troublesome.

I will give you a trifle of my experiences

among them. When we visited the statue of Memnon, and the ruins round it, my donkey was a very good one, so that I outstripped all our party. As I rode through the fields of tobacco, wheat, cotton, or cane, laborers would run up to me, each with some antique to sell. No matter though I put my donkey on a gallop, they would keep up for a long way. But, when I arrived at the first temple, where I was to dismount, I was surrounded by a dozen boys, girls, and men, each with some curiosity. One held up a mummy's foot, another his hand. One held out a bird, black with pitch, and called out, first, "Two shillings," then, "How much?" and finally, "Sixpence." Another brought a scarabæus, or a stone beetle, with magical characters graven on it: another, an ancient coin. There is no escape from these sellers, except taking what they offer, and throwing it away. Beggars, however, infest one still more than peddlers: and every traveller hence is obliged to carry a stick, and, however good-natured, will sometimes use it too. Only one word is used in begging, and that is *backsheesh*. Ride fast through a hamlet, and you

hear it on every side: from children too young to utter it without a lisp, from those of larger growth, from all who offer you a service you do not need or wish, and from all you speak to.

I am weary, and you will be before you have read all I have written, and I will only add a word on Arab schools. Seldom have I entered one where I was not beset for *backsheesh*, alike by scholars and teacher. The first I entered was in a village. The building was four mud walls, covered by a thatch of canes. The room was so low, that my head touched the ceiling; it was less than ten feet square, had no floor, no window, and no seats. The scholars were eleven, squatting in the sand, and wrote on sheets of tin. The only books I saw were two Korans. The city schools were similar, but had more pupils, and mats on stone floors. In all, I saw a strong cord fastened in a stick as large as an axe helve. In this "ankle-screw" one teacher confined a boy's feet, to show me how they were held when *bastinadoed*. When I write again, you shall hear of temples, tombs, palaces, and pyramids.

T. D. B.

LITTLE FOLK SONGS.

BY ALTA.



I.

SIPPITY sup, sippity sup,
Bread and milk in a china cup,

Bread and milk from a silver spoon,
Made of a piece of the silver moon!
Sippity sup, sippity sup.

Dippity dash, dippity dash,
Wash his face with a merry splash!
Polish it well with a towel fine,
O how his eyes and his cheeks will shine!
Dippity dash, dippity dash.

Rippity rip, rippity rip,
Untie his strings with a pull and a slip,
Down go his petticoats on the ground!

And away he dances around and around!
Rippity rip, rippity rip.

Trittery trot, trittery trot,
Off he goes to his pretty cot,
Where he falls asleep with a little song, —
Where the angels watch over him all night
long!
Trittery trot, trittery trot.



II.

Harum Scarum, Winkum Warum,
A terrible fellow is Harum Scarum!
Up the stairs and in at the door,
Scattering things all over the floor.
Through the window and out on the leads,
Shaking the house about our heads.
Down the chimney in clouds of smoke,
To put out the fire he thinks a fine joke.
While the house dame coughs, and chokes, and
scolds,
And sneezes her spectacles into the coals.

III.

My kitten is white, with a pretty pink nose,
She sits by the fire, and counts her toes, —
Counts her toes, and her claws so fine;
Puss, puss, here's a mouse, with a long tail of
twine;
It is soft and gray, tied up very tight, —
You may tear it and bite it with all your might.

Hey, kitty! ho, kitty! come and play!
And don't sit counting your toes all day.

IV.

Pip, pop,
Hip, hop,
Tip, top,
Pop corn!

Out of the pan,
Into the fire,
Bursting and bouncing
Higher and higher.

Out of the fire,
Over the hearth,
With burning of fingers,
Scrambling and mirth.

White as new snow,
Yellow as gold,
You'd better be patient
Till I am cold.

Sprinkle some sugar,
What jolly fun !
My rhyme is ended,
And I am done.



HOW THE CAPTAIN CAME BY A LEGACY.

BY VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

CHAPTER II.

"ARRIVED at the castle, we seemed transported to the times and scenes of Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, sovereign of Bagdad. When we had descended from the coach, and the Dwarf had released his steed to gallop off with a wild neigh to his stable, the great hound sprang out to greet his master, the dog's head on a level with the Dwarf's, and the hall-doors rolled back at the push of our quondam footman, now transformed, by his master's presence, into the most quiet, humble, and respectful of pages. I wished Peggy might behold the change. Within, everything was luxurious. A wide, rich hall, with carved wood pillars, splendid pictures, bronze figures, tropical flowers, and a floor of red and blue wrought tiles. We felt the sensation of awe, of enchantment, as if the fragrant perfumes might turn to wreathed smoke; pillars, walls, and pictures, melt away; and the Dwarf and the hound change to herons, and fly off above us,—we to be left standing on a desert, or sea-shore. But no: there stood our host, gallantly holding the hand of her whom he called his, beautiful little fairy, and bidding us most pleasantly to make

ourselves happy and at home. 'It is my home for a few years, but yours, Fairy Lydia, and your brothers', whilst you will stay here; do what you please, exactly as you fancy, and let me be a child too. We must have some fine times: why, you have lighted the hall up as I never saw it before. Ah! youth, youth, youth, how glorious thou art! Now remember, *here* I am no Monsieur d'Auvergne: but let's say, "*Al Surennne*." And your names, what are they? Philip—and Lydia—and Donald. May this wish be a command, Fairy Lydia?' And sister, with the tact, and a pretty, modest conformity to circumstances, which she possessed even when a child,—now, don't say 'Nonsense,' sister, because you will not deny, at any rate, that you immediately answered, with possession, 'It is a pleasure, *Al Surennne*.'—'Charming,' exclaimed the Dwarf, much pleased, 'and now push into every room and corner,—do whatever you please with whatever you find, whilst I change my dress. Come, Cartouche. Au revoir, young friends,' and he ran up-stairs like a boy, Cartouche beside him.

"It was about noon then, and our host did not

appear again until two. We wandered about the many rooms, entirely interested and absorbed in all we saw: but not a soul did we meet, not a voice did we hear. There was a library, — what a delightful room, — the book-cases, carved in hundreds of quaint devices, reached only about five feet high, filled with big books and little books, books in elegant bindings, and books without any binding at all. Above these book-shelves, around the entire top length of which there was carved a great boa-constrictor, were very many pictures, engravings, and paintings, but all of strange, quaint subjects. Over the fire-place was a painting of a noble-looking gentleman in a colonel's uniform of the Revolution. The likeness

of the face to the Dwarf's, told us it must be his father. In a walnut rack, which filled an alcove by the window, were guns, rifles, shot and powder-horns, hunting-knives, and game-bags. There was a handsome table littered with books and papers; easy-chairs, and a lounge covered with some wonderfully soft and warm-colored texture; and on the floor of polished chestnut were spread furs of the greatest beauty, — of arctic bear, black fox, Bengal tiger, and others. There were bits, and pistols, and pipes on the mantel.

"Then there was a parlor, with a carpet like deep grass in softness, of a pink-white and pale-blue pattern, elegant enough for a queen; with chandeliers that hung heavy with solid richness



of gilt workmanship; with such deep, embracing chairs and couches, so warm and soft, that it seemed as if to sink into one would have drowned you in dreams of magnificent ease; with exquisitely cut marble mantels; with statuettes, and caseled paintings of lovely children, and enchanting landscapes; with low, wide windows, that opened on a conservatory of the rarest and sweetest flowers and ferns, and that looked down on a wild bit of the Black River, contrasting with a sunny spread of grain fields beyond. And yet the room seemed haunted by loneliness, — as if no one had ever talked or laughed there: as if the flowers shrunk at our gay voices: as if

the woof of the carpet begged us, in friendliness, 'Pray, dance on me, young feet;' and the inviting chairs, 'Do let us hold you a while.' But we did not. Sister could not even put her face to the flowers, — could you? and as we hastened from the elegant parlor, an unheard voice seemed calling us to return, and the cold rustle of unseen silks and satins seemed to brush by us, as if they clothed spirits who would press near us for fellowship, even to the doors.

"We never entered that parlor again, in any of our after visits to the castle; and then, when we had left the room, we stood looking in at its magnificence, as one might watch some splendid

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theatre scene, in ready expectance for the entrance of its dramatic characters. And as we, stilled by its strange influence, peered through one of the great open doors into the surpassing richness and loneliness of the apartment, a deep sigh came from its furthest interior. At the mysterious sound, our hearts halted for a moment: until we saw, stepping down from a curtained passage opposite our position, the Dwarf; and as he walked across to us (stepping, as a child might in a gloomy avenue, and glancing once at least over a shoulder), he said, 'Ah! my young guests, a dreary place, somehow, with all its finery.' How fanciful, almost grotesque, was his appearance now in another dress, of tight buff breeches and buckskin shoes, a cut-away blue silk coat, a buff vest, and lace ruffles on breast and wrists. I wondered then if I was not in a dream, to see that miniature court-dressed figure gliding through that enchanted parlor. But no: he came and stood with us, saying, 'I have no mother, nor wife, nor sister; yet it seems to me as if those who might have been mother, wife, and sister, were often in this room. I can't see them though, — can you?' He asked the last words suddenly and strangely, looking at us as if he would search in our faces for the reflections of those he spoke of. In a moment his manner changed, as we turned from the parlor door. 'Fairly Lydia,' he said, 'do folk of your kind ever feel hungry? those of my sort do. I won't ask Philip and Donald, for we know very well that boys never have an appetite. Cartouche, isn't dinner ready yet?' Cartouche sat in the middle of the hall, with his head on one side, eying his master inquisitively; but, at this question, he gave one of those *dolce niente* throat notes, with which some dogs almost *speak* delight or understanding, and trotted off to push open a back hall-door, and disappear.

'In a few minutes afterward, as we four marched up and down the hall in high fun, we children as much at ease with the Dwarf as if he was of our own age and sort, so great were his social powers, and so boyish and exuberant his spirits and manners at times, Cartouche trotted back again, followed by a stylish-looking servant, — a mulatto, — who bowed, and said, 'Master, dinner is served,' and then, crossing the hall, threw open the doors of the dining-room for us to enter. Another beautiful room, which I shall not describe further than to say that everything of furniture, plate, and silver, was very rich and rare: that from one of two marble pillars there sprung a jet of water, which, falling into a shell of stone,

made a constant pleasant sound: and that from the other pillar there hung an open cage, in which was a large parrot, gaudily plumaged. The bird rustled delightedly as we entered, and called out, 'Oho, Marquis! oho, Marquis!' and then, after a quavering sort of laugh, or chuckle, — 'Welcome to you — welcome to you.' — 'There, that will do, Cammanno, handsome fellow,' said Al Surene, as we took our seats according to the polite indications of the mulatto man, — Lydia and Donald on one side, Lydia next on the right to our Dwarf host, and I on the opposite side of the table. Immediately at his master's left side, sat the great Cartouche, his head high above the table level. That dog's eyes expressed always, in the highest degree, unfaltering devotion, and counteracted, in their brave gentleness, the savage look of his mouth, where two tusks raised the lip, and showed their whiteness. The heavy hound-ears were fine and glossy, and his broad forehead looked as thoughtful as a man's. At the table-end, opposite the master's, was an unoccupied broad high chair, the seat only a few inches below the table level, wide enough for two persons, and the chair-back elaborately carved with rats and mice, hastily scampering over the top, and around the sides. The strange sights of that dining-room, — its elegance, the Dwarf's unusual dress, the tropical parrot, the warden hound, and (perhaps as much as anything else) the odd, unoccupied chair, — filled us children with the greatest wonder. I think we would have sat speechless, and without eating, through the soup course, had not the good breeding of home, and the funny sayings of the Dwarf, diverted our attention somewhat from the objects of our surprise and curiosity. When the soup was removed, and as the servant entered with fish, Cammanno shrieked out, 'Come, Tabbies, come. Aha, aha!' and as the satirical laugh finished his call, a little swing-door in the wall, which we had not noticed before, was lifted by the back of a cat, and thus, in succession, seven cats jumped on to the floor, and made their soft, gentle way across to the big chair, on which they leaped, and seated themselves in a row. Such a sight was altogether too funny. Sister laughed out in the most uncontrolled delight, and Donald and I shouted, whilst Al Surene leaned back in his chair, laughing more heartily than any of us, at our amusement and surprise. But although the cats had never, probably, been laughed at before, they evinced no discomposure. Two yawned: the others looked straight at the fish, and licked their lips. The largest was all

yellow, with only about an inch of tail; two were the curly, white, long-wooled cats of Japan; one was gaunt and jet-black, with bright green eyes; two were handsome Maltese; and one, a shy, frisky little gray and fawn fellow, was a kitten with cropped ears, but abundance of tail. They ate without greediness, of fish, from a long china dish which the servant placed before them. When we had finished, and they had neatly licked their dish, the waiter prepared to remove the course, at which point Cammanno slapped his wings with zest, and screeched in louder tone than ever, — 'T's'cat, t's'cat, t's'cat!' The cats, at the cry, made their exit with rapidity, going each through the spring-door, like the harlequin in a pantomime. The dinner was excellent; the dishes more varied and delicious than we had ever tasted before; the servant unofficially attentive; Cartouche watching and listening sagely; the parrot expressing odd sentiments continually, whilst our host treated sister as if she was really a fairy queen, and conversed with us all as if he were a boy, though at times falling for a moment into an absorbed, gloomy manner, when he would speak to himself or Cartouche in a way we did not understand. At those few short intervals, Cartouche looked up at his master with an anxious expression, and Cammanno uttered hoarse, uneasy croaks.

"Our host gave us claret to drink, telling us that, next to milk, that was the best drink for young people; but we did not like it. The Dwarf himself emptied a bottle of champagne.

"When dinner was finished, the Dwarf took sister's hand, and led us into the hall, and through it to a door we had not opened in our morning's explorations. It gave us admission to a long, uncarpeted, unfurnished room, that was simply arched overhead. Two long, narrow windows, on one side, admitted the light, and their embrasures supplied the only seats, but one, in the room. That one was a high, stiff chair, that stood before an immense organ, which entirely filled up one end of this music-hall. 'I'll play for you,' said the Dwarf, and, dropping sister's hand, he climbed up on the organ seat. All the musicians, whose playing I have heard described, run their fingers carelessly through their hair, and then make wonderful movements up and down the notes. The Dwarf did nothing of the kind, but struck immediately into the most brilliant Spanish dance, — a movement sometimes indolent, and sometimes fiery, and so full of invitation and delight, that it was impossible, whilst it sounded, to restrain either the muscles of the

limbs or of the face. When the player turned his head and discovered our sympathy, he changed his music to a martial march, — zounds, how grand it was! Had we had but one band in Mexico to play like that, we would have walked right over the Mexican varlets in six weeks. As it ceased, like a grand halt of ten thousand soldiers, Donald and I shouted. 'Hurrah!' answered Al Surene, tossing up his right hand, as if it held a drum-major's baton. A half-minute's silence, and then he played the air of a song we used to call 'Mother's Words,' — a tune so touching that I would rather not hear it now, — and as the Dwarf played it, we children were entirely overcome. Ha, ha! how sister sobbed. Hearing which, the musician stopped with a break, struck a few loud, bright notes, and jumped from his high chair, and Cartouche in the hall outside — you know, perhaps, how some dogs dread music — uttered a wail that made us shiver. 'How that hound fears this organ,' said the Dwarf, 'and there is more in the instrument than I ever mean to wake up. It seems as if I were torturing a life. If I kept at it long (do you know, children), I believe it would come out of the pipes and strangle me.'

"I'll tell you what I thought: it was, that he would go mad if he played much on that organ: why, then his face looked dark and wild as a maniac's. Strange, strange being! so gentle, so fierce: like a joyous child one moment, like a stern man the next: impressing one with a sense of power and mystery, though so small in body, and ludicrous in his vanity. Do you know I almost believe the Rich Dwarf was — an — elf. As I recall now his home, his modes of life, his humors, his *appearances* (not appearance, for his face and manner were constantly changing), his strange wanderings in speech, his prophecies, his intimacy with birds and beasts, and — his fate, — I am puzzled by its mystery. However, I did not mean to leave my story, if it is one; but something in the way that fire burns, — I can't explain it to you exactly, — that thin flame there creeping under the log, and leaving it to flash up the chimney-back in the soot, and then join itself again to what it left, and break into a blaze and crackling for a moment — sometimes with a hiss, sometimes with a roar — Why, I feel — zounds! I do — as if the Dwarf was in some way hearing me now; as if that same flame was a part of him, — a part of his *spirit*!"

As my Uncle Captain said that, I remember the blaze died out like the turning down of a lamp, and we sat for a second or two in a dark-

ness complete, save for the ashes' glow; then — sph-i-i-ze! — there escaped a gentle, long-drawn whistle from the hickory, a puff of smoke curled up the chimney, and the fire was warmly blazing again; so my Uncle Captain, laughing in a half-bewildered manner, knocked the empty pipe-bowl on the chair between his legs, and continued: —

"Well, when we went into the hall again, we saw the coach at the door. 'Yes,' said sister, 'we should have been at home an hour ago; we must hurry.' Our host spoke not a word, — did not seem to hear her, or see us. He looked like one in a dream. He stood rubbing one of Cartouche's ears, and whistling slowly to himself. We were soon ready, and went up to our host to say 'Good-by,' and thank him for our pleasant day. He took sister's hand, and eyed us inquiringly and sadly, but said nothing. When we made a motion to go, he attended us, still holding sister's hand. When he had helped sister in, and we boys had sprung after her, he turned, as if to leave us, but in a second turned again, climbed into the carriage, and asked, just as a child might, 'Will you kiss me, Fairy Lydia?' and, boys, your mother kissed him. He jumped out, smiling happily, wished us 'Good-by,' with a wave of his shako; and black Belzar, with the impish footman beside him, drove off with a dash.

"When we reached home, it was dark. Our father had arrived whilst we were away, — his first return to us, after a separation of seven months. We had the story of our wonderful visit to tell, which greatly interested father and mother; and their counsel, after all our reports were heard, was that we should not speak of the particulars of our adventure, outside of our family, or before the servants, as what we might tell would surely be exaggerated and misunderstood.

"Five months passed without our seeing the Rich Dwarf. In that time, he was only seen in Altonborough twice, as he drove through the village in his coach; but, almost every week, the monkey of a footman scampered up to our door, on horseback, to leave a beautiful bouquet for sister, from the Dwarf: or, as the card attached to it, read, 'For Fairy Lydia, from Al Surene; M. Surene d'Auvergne presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Mardroff.'

"About the middle of September of that year, the Dwarf's coach drew up again at our gate. This time the black page presented with the bouquet a letter addressed to our parents; and the bearer (who always treated our Peggy with comical respect, since the sudden lesson she had

taught him at his first appearance) informed Peggy, with many enormous words, that he would 'dewait un arnsur,' which he did by performing a mitigated double-shuffle, with accompaniment of a subdued whistle, on the porch. That mild expression of exuberant spirits was checked, however, by the long lash of the grave coachman.

"The note from the Rich Dwarf was an earnest request that our parents would allow Donald and myself to make him a visit of several weeks. He expressed the pleasure he had enjoyed when we were with him before, adding, that notwithstanding the difference of age, he esteemed us as excellent companions. He also regretted that the absence of any lady in his household deprived him of the happiness of asking our sister to increase the favor he was requesting of our parents. And closed by promising to keep us constantly under his best care.

"He was to send for us the next day, if our parents' reply was an assent.

"We had no regular studies that autumn; and as the pleasure of the visit was so great to us, and our host evidently a gentleman, father and mother wrote a reply of acceptance, with expressions of their sense of the compliment. When the coach came the next day, the black boy brought an enormous basket of hot-house flowers for our mother, and a magnificent musical-box for *your* mother. That is it in the parlor now — is it not, Lydia?

"That night we slept in the Dwarf's castle, — Donald and I, — in a fine room near our host's, which he showed us on our way up to bed. It was not in the main house, nor was it really a room; but by a door that opened from the hall, next to our door, you went into a roof-covered apartment without walls, the roof extending, like that of a Swiss cottage, far beyond the lines of the room, and supported by columns and arches of stone, so that the Dwarf's bed-chamber was really an out-of-doors affair, only protected from rain. From the open spaces you looked down into a rocky chasm, on the bluff of which stood the side, or back, of the castle. Sturdy, twisted rock-cedars found crevices for their roots, here and there, on the side of the chasm, at the bottom of which there brawled a narrow, deep brook. The sun rose opposite the Dwarf's bed, and, looking east, one had (through one of the wall-openings, as in a frame) a wild, picturesque landscape of forest and hills. A swinging lantern hung from a beam above, nearly to the iron bed-head; beside which, suspended by a hook in

a coluran, was a fencing foil without a button, and sharpened to a needle point. A thick fur was laid at the bed-side, and another covered the narrow bed. Over the bed, on the unopen side of the room (that against the main house), was a lovely painting of the Dwarf's mother. In the middle of the chamber there was another fur, — Cartouche's bed. Of other furniture there were only two pieces, — an iron box, and an old-fashioned chair. Our host watched us with amusement, as we expressed in words (and by looks too, I suppose) our astonishment at such a sleeping-room.

"All my family sleep here, you see, boys; the birds come in to see us in the morning; so does the sun, so do pleasant breezes and perfumes. Sometimes furious storms, that make the pines sing gloriously, fly through my chamber. I like them to shout close to me, and to hear all the stories — some wild, some sad, some happy — that the rains tell on the roof. Owls hoot and laugh close by; one moonlight night, a great gray fellow raised an impudent t'whoot right on the foot of my bed, but Cartouche got some of his feathers. My mother watches over me here, as if I were in the nursery, and that brook below always puts me to sleep."

"But what is that foil for?" I asked.

"O, that is my night weapon, — the best instrument in the dark."

"And the lantern?" said Donald.

"Sometimes I like to read during the night, and the wind can't blow out that."

"He took his night-lamp to one of the archways, and bade us look down into the chasm. Cartouche laid his head on his master's shoulder,

and looked too; but we could see only rents of blackness, and a shivering of the light's rays on clumps of foliage. There was a rustle of wings, — bats or owls, — a startled bird's cry, and the louder sound of the stony brook.

"And then the Dwarf told us to be off to bed, that it was nearly nine o'clock; we sat up much later than that at home, but never again as late, on our visit to the castle, where bed hour was generally soon after dark, and the breakfast-time when the sun was half an hour high.

"Philip and Donald," said Al Sureenne, as he bade us good-night, 'you have forgotten, now that we are together again — it is too bad that the dear little Fairy Lydia can't be with us! — you have forgotten my request, when you were here before, to call me always "Al Sureenne;" but be sure to remember it after to-night. Good-night! Mezzotinto' (that was the name of the impish black boy) 'is your page, servant, slave, follower, and sworn attendant whilst you are here; keep him busy, and be sharp with him. He shall sleep on a cot, just outside your door. Let me know if he disobeys you, or sulks, and I'll have Cartouche shake him; but he is a good little crow, is Mezzo, with all his deviltry, and I know he will be true as steel to you, boys; so, good-night again, and no dreams. Cartouche, see the young gentlemen to their room, and look whether Mezzotinto is on hand.'

"And so Cartouche did, looking snuffingly at the black boy, who was rolled up on the cot, like a cub in a cave, and then trotting back to his master, who waited, with the hall-door open, for his sentinel's return.

(To be continued.)

IT IS; IT IS NOT, AND IT IS.

BY DR. C. C. ABBOTT.

"WHAT have you got there?" asked Louis Massey of a little boy, one morning, as he met him carrying a large basket, evidently very heavy with something. "Let me see!" and Louis made an attempt to lift the lid of the basket.

"It's old iron, that's all," replied the little fellow, moving away from Louis, to prevent his seeing in the basket.

"Well, why can't you let me see it?" asked Louis, with an impatient look; "and where are you going to take it?"

"Here it is, then," replied the boy, at the same time lifting the cover. "I'm going to take it to the blacksmith."

Louis looked in the basket, and saw there four stove feet, a stove-lid, and a half dozen other pieces of cast-iron, from various kitchen articles. "Well, you won't do much with them at the blacksmith's; you ought to take them to the foundry."

"They only give half a cent a pound, to the foundry; and Jem Phillips sold his horse-shoes

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and a big gate-hinge, for a cent and a half," replied the boy, earnestly.

"Yes, but these are cast-iron, and Jem Phillips's were wrought-iron."

"What if they are 'cast' iron?" asked the boy, with a sneer. "Iron's iron, I guess, and all your book-learnin' ain't goin' to prove it anything else, I reckon." Saying this, the little fellow moved on, very indignant at being supposed to be on a goose chase.

"Well," said Louis to him, as he walked away, "you'll be laughed at when you get to the blacksmith's, or I will give you three cents per pound for your basketful."

"Guess you'll be sorry for saying that, 'fore long, for I'll hold you to what you offer, or show you up to the fellers, if you go back on what you say."

"I'm not afraid."

"Me neither."

The confident young iron-merchant trudged on to the blacksmith, and deposited his basket on the anvil-block for inspection, with an air of great importance.

"Buy any iron this morning?" he asked, in a dignified tone, which the smith noticed.

"No, sir," replied the blacksmith, with equal dignity, and great firmness, as he glanced at the contents of the basket.

The little fellow's confidence and haughtiness left him very suddenly alone in his glory; and in a very low and meek tone of voice, he asked,—"What is the matter with it? or don't you buy iron any more?"

"Yes," replied the blacksmith, a good deal amused at the crestfallen youngster, "I buy a good deal, and will take all you bring that's good; but this" (pointing to the basket's contents) "isn't worth the room it would take up, to me. They'll give you half a cent a pound for it, at the foundry, I guess."

With a feeling of greater respect for Louis Massey's book-learning, as he had called it, he lifted up his basket, and, going to the foundry, disposed of the ten pounds of cast-iron for five cents; and, jingling his pennies in his pocket, he walked home, meditating on the apparent use of knowing a good deal more than he then did, and resolved to learn about "cast" and "wrought" iron, and everything else he could, for he did not like to be made to feel so flat.

The iron odds and ends that so generally are to be picked up about rubbish-heaps, and the more useful hinges and gate-latches, that are so

tempting to penny-anxious urchins, are of two kinds of metal, or rather, are the same metal under two different conditions, which are known as cast and wrought iron. Every boy that has had any experience in disposing of this metal, knows that the buyer recognizes this difference invariably, and, for the latter conditioned iron, gives thrice the amount paid for the former.

If we take up a piece of cast-iron, we can see at a glance that its peculiarity is brittleness, and the freshly broken edge presents a crystalline appearance, being a congregation of flat, very bright bodies, like square pin-heads.

If, on the other hand, we take up a piece of "wrought" iron, we will find it a difficult matter to break,—that its peculiarity is toughness; and the broken edge, when you succeed in getting a piece in two, is fibrous, and not unlike a stick of molasses candy, pulled apart.

This tough, fibrous, or "wrought" scrap, is eagerly bought up by "rag-men," and others, and by them transferred to "dealers," and by them is sorted over, and the large and small pieces placed in separate lots. The large are made up into small square bundles, at the rolling-mill, and heated in a furnace, and then welded by being passed through "rolls," and thus made into flat or square bars, known as "merchant iron;" but the fine scrap, which comes to the mill generally in hogsheds, is very differently treated, and is made (after curious manipulations) into beautiful wire,—either coarse, for telegraphs, or like a thread, for the artificial-flower makers.

We have followed this scrap iron now to the mill, where it is to be utilized; and we shall now witness a beautiful adaptation of chemistry, that a very practical result may be obtained. This "scrap," as we have seen, is "wrought," and not "cast" iron. Now, wrought iron will not melt at any practical degree of heat; and to make this multitudinous mass of metal scraps available for any useful purpose, it must be melted, and got into a shape and condition that will permit its being rolled into bars. To squeeze up the cold bits into a lump, would not increase their value. It would still be *old* iron, and we desire to have *new*. A difficulty here arises in one's mind. How are we to melt what cannot be melted? It must be done, however, and is being done, within hearing of the author, as he writes. This is the manner of proceeding:—

Into a fire-brick lined furnace, called a "Sink-ing-fire," is placed a quantity of small scraps of wrought iron, and a goodly supply of charcoal. The coal and iron are intimately mixed. At one

side of the furnace is a conically-shaped cylinder, with a small aperture, so placed as to discharge whatever passes through it into the centre of the mass, filling the furnace. This conical tube is known as a "tuyère," and from it issues a tremendous current of cold air, propelled into and through it by a blower, worked by steam, and erected for this purpose only. In front of the furnace is a small round hole, some distance from the bottom of the furnace. Its use will appear in a few moments. Having ignited the charcoal, of course, with such a draught, it is consumed very rapidly; the heat becomes intense, and the iron is soon at a white heat, and then sinks down into a compact mass. More iron and more charcoal are continually added. The whole mass is continually stirred up by the "sinker," as the man working the fire is called. Ever and anon, from the hole in front, issues a stream of fiery liquid, that soon cools, and is carried off in flat cakes, of grotesque shapes. Unceasingly the blower sends its regular whiffs of wind into the fiery mass. The wrought iron *that cannot be melted*, has been melted; and still is "*wrought iron*."

It has appeared, now, that the iron has been acted upon, and that the heat, charcoal, and air, have jointly produced the result. Let us now analyze the process, after a fashion, and see how iron, that could not be melted, was melted; and how iron, being in contact with the required carbon, under favorable circumstances, failed to prove carbonized iron.

The charcoal, or carbon, we have seen, was burned in such a manner, as to have at the time the iron in contact with it, and at a white heat. Now the heat alone would have failed to fuse the metal, but the charcoal was decomposed when the metal was sensitive; and the carbon, altered from the condition of charcoal, meeting the sensitive iron, carbonized it instantaneously; and of course, as this happens at a temperature that melts carbonized or cast-iron, the iron becomes fluid as it becomes "cast," and sinks to the bottom of the furnace. If the process were now to stop, the iron would not be "*wrought iron*;" and to obviate this, the current of air, issuing from the tuyère, or tweer, comes in play; and offering more oxygen than the charcoal needs, it seeks the carbon of the melted iron, and bearing it away, leaves the molten mass in its decarbonized or wrought state, which is what was desired. Furthermore, every trace of the many scraps of which the mass was composed, when placed in the furnace, has been obliterated. A white-hot lump, in shape and size like a peach-basket, it is

wheeled to a steam hammer, and pounded into smaller compass and more wieldy outline, and has pressed from it the remainder of its impurities, that escaped the hole provided for them in the furnace from which the great mass issued, as the fantastically outlined cinders, of which we have already made mention.

Every impurity is much less heavy than the metal, and, of course, when they and it are together in a liquid state, the former float upon the surface of the latter; and it is for this reason that the opening for their exit is placed above the bottom of the furnace; it being necessary to drain them off as much as possible, and in such a manner as not to disturb the iron beneath.

By the time these masses are sufficiently hammered and shaped for further use, they are too cold to go immediately to the "rolls," but are again heated to a white heat; and then, being passed to and fro through the ponderous machinery, known as "rolls," they are gradually elongated, and made ready for the market, as "blooms."

If not disposed of as "blooms," they are cut into short pieces, are again heated, and from square rods of five feet in length, they are rolled into round ones of thirty. These again are cut, are often again heated, re-rolled, and afterwards are drawn cold through stationary plates, until the ungainly mass, as drawn from the "sinking-fire," has become a beautiful thread of iron, as fine as the hair of one's head.

The various half-pounds or more of iron scraps, ferreted out by little boys, eager for a Saturday penny, from garret and cellar, back yard and open lot, have been gathered up by the wandering "rag-man," by him transferred to the mill-proprietor, and by him it has been again sent into the world, an article of use.

A scrap of iron, as a broken boiler, or a worn out colander (long since discarded by the cook), may return, after many days, as the wire frame of that same cook's new bonnet.

The metal of the discarded crinoline, picked from the gutter, may pass from hand to hand, from "scrap-man" to mill-owner; and from him to the chemist, who will bottle it, to be dispensed by the apothecary, perhaps to be used to give vigor to some delicate miss. The idea of a young lady taking twenty drops of old crinoline thrice daily, to restore her appetite, or bring a brighter color to her cheeks!

Well! it has been done, and will be, as long as there is any charcoal to be had, wherewith to utilize old scrap iron.



THE TRULY RURAL ROMAUNT OF THE SLEEPY PRINCESS.

(Continued.)

VII.

SLEEPING, a dream her noddle fills,
And Poppy suffers fancied ills;
Thus, skimming o'er the liquid plain,
She dreams, and wakes, and dreams again;
At length the boat nears Tulip Isle,
Where Poppy lands, and walks awhile.

VIII.

Somnolent still, she treads the sod,
While gorgeous tulips o'er her nod;
A stately Stork attends the maid,
A mushroom yields refreshing shade.
But, ah! e'en roses bloom 'mid thorns,—
Close by, a double danger yawns.



IX.

On Tulip Isle, within a cell,
A holy Hermit loves to dwell ;
Of uncouth form, and visage weird,
Deep sunken eyes, and grisly beard,
Bald pate, rough hide, and shaggy coat,
His only mate an ancient goat.

X.

These on a sudden, unprepared,
The Princess sees, and straight is scared ;
She flies, — she plunges in the brake,
Quite ignorant what path to take ;
And as the lesser peril shuns,
Into a greater danger runs.



XI.

For, couched within a dock-leaf glade,
 A monster fierce in ambush laid;
 Remorseless, rude, in hide of flame,
 No pity lurked beneath his frame;
 This, as she fled, drove Poppy back,
 With threats to eat her in a crack.

XII.

Nor threats alone. With lengthened strides
 The Beast from out his covert glides,
 Rushes toward the reedy bank,
 On which poor Poppy swooning sank,
 Seizes the maid, half dead with fear,
 And bears her to his blood-stained lair.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN CLUB EXERCISE.

BY C. R. TREAT.

If the statements contained in the January number have been thoroughly studied, and the circles described carefully practiced, it will be safe to promise an easy victory over the most difficult and perplexing combinations. The exercises, which will be given in this and subsequent numbers, are of two kinds, — simple and compound. Simple exercises contain only one of the three "circles;" compound exercises contain two, and even three. Although it would be a natural order to describe the simple exercises first, and the compound exercises afterward; yet that would not be the best order, because it would not afford

the circle may not vary in the least from that in which it began.

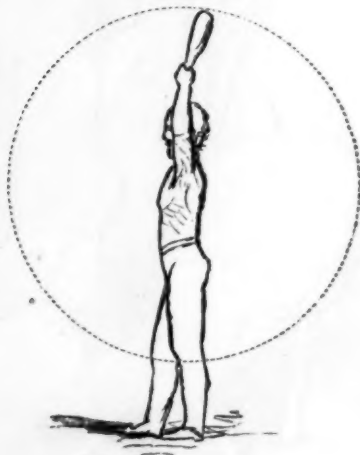


Fig. 1. Arm Circle.

so much variety as the interchange of kind. Therefore I shall introduce the aspiring young clubman to both simple and compound exercises at once, hoping thus to engage and retain his interest more firmly.

This article will be devoted to some exercises in which the "arm circle" is the only movement, and to some in which the "arm circle" is used alternately with the "wrist circle."

EXERCISE 1. — Stand as in figure 1, with the right arm raised straight up from the shoulder. Without bending elbow or wrist, swing the club forward, downward, backward, and up to the position. Do this a few times (say six) in succession, allowing the shoulder to yield to the backward swing of the club, so that the direction of



Fig. 2. Wrist Circle.

EXERCISE 2. — Do the same with the left arm.



Fig. 3. Head Circle.

EXERCISE 3. — Stand as in figure 1, with the right arm raised, and the left arm hanging by the

side. Swing the club in the right hand forward and downward, as before, and at the same time swing the club in the left hand backward and upward. Continue this for half a dozen times, keeping the clubs just half a circle apart, and

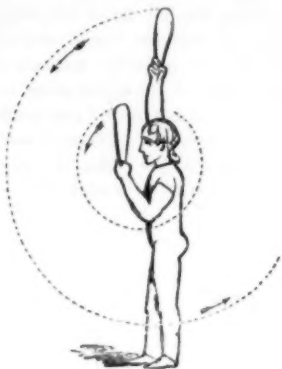


Fig. 4. Arm and Wrist Circle.

allowing each shoulder to yield freely in turn to the backward movement of each club.

EXERCISE 4. — Raise both arms to the position of the right arm, in figure 1. Swing both clubs together through the forward "arm circle" described above, taking care at first to carry them rather gently through the backward, up-



Fig. 5. Alternate Arm and Wrist Circle.

ward movement, lest you twist your arm off, or think you do, from the pain that follows.

EXERCISE 5. — Stand as in figure 1. Swing the right arm forward, as it is in Exercise 1. As it rises behind, instead of carrying it to the full

height, bend the elbow, and bring it to the position marked by the bent arm of figure 4. Without stopping the movement, describe a "wrist circle," allowing the wrist, and elbow, and shoulder joints to bend freely; then throw the club upward and forward, into the "arm circle" again.

EXERCISE 6. — Do the same with the left arm, half a dozen times each.

EXERCISE 7. — Stand with one hand (the right) raised, as in the first position, figure 4, and with the left hand in the second position of figure 4, or the position for the "wrist circle," figure 2. Start both hands together: the right hand to swing at full length, the left hand to swing through the "wrist circle." As each hand



Fig. 6. Wind-mill in front.

finishes its circle, let the right hand change (as in figure 4) to the "wrist circle," and let the left hand swing up and forward through the "arm circle." Great care must be taken to keep the time exactly the same for both circles, which will not at first be easy, as one circle is much shorter than the other. Do this half a dozen times, changing alternately from "wrist" to "arm circle," and back again to "wrist circle."

EXERCISE 8. — Stand with both hands raised, as in figure 1, swing both hands forward together at full length. As they rise behind, bend both at the elbow, and change to the "wrist circle." Change again from that to the "arm circle," and this alternate movement half a dozen times.

Take care, as in Exercise 4, not to raise the arms behind with too much vigor at first. You will find the shoulder joint rather unyielding, but it will become flexible in time.

EXERCISE 9. — As a closing exercise for this series, which, you will notice, is made up of the "forward arm circle," and the "forward wrist circle," I will give one executed in peculiar time. Stand with both hands in the position of the "wrist circle." Let the right hand swing forward and downward, as in making the "wrist circle." When the right hand has passed through half the "wrist circle," and is pointing toward the floor, start the left hand. As the

right hand rises, swing it upward and forward into the "arm circle," and follow with the left hand still half a circle behind. Continue half a dozen times. This exercise may be begun with both arms raised at full length. Then the right hand will begin the "arm circle," and pass into the wrist circle, the left hand following as before at a distance of half the "arm circle." I have called this the "wind-mill," because the movement is like that of the great arms of the mill, which chase each other round and round, as your arms do in this exercise. There is another wind-mill made toward the side, the movement of which you can easily form after this.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

VIGNETTE FOR FEBRUARY.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"We will also have a good time for once," said the Days of the Week; "we will come together and have a feast." But every one of the seven Days was so much occupied all the year round, that they had not a free moment left for enjoyment. They wanted to have a whole day to themselves, and such a day they get every four years in the intercalary day; this day is placed at the end of February, for the purpose of bringing order in the account of time.

And on this intercalary day they decided to meet together, and hold their feast. February being the month of carnivals, they agreed to come together in a carnival fashion, every one dressed according to his profession and destination; have the best things to eat, and drink the best wines, make speeches, and tell each other the most agreeable and most disagreeable things in unrestrained fellowship. The Norse heroes had a custom, in the good old times, of shying the bones, which they had cleared of all the meat, at each other's head; but the week-days thought of throwing bombshells at each other with their mouths, in the form of scorching witticisms, such as might be in keeping with innocent carnival amusements.

And the 29th of February came in due time; with it they assembled.

Sunday, foreman of the week-days, came first, dressed in a black silk cloak. The pious people mistook the cloak for a minister's gown. The worldly minded, however, saw that he was dressed

in a domino for a frolic, and that the full-blown carnation, which he wore in his button-hole, was nothing but a little red theatre-lantern, which said, "No more tickets: standing room only: hope you will enjoy yourself."

Monday, a young mechanic, a distant relative of Sunday, and much given to pleasures, came next. No sooner did he hear the military music of the parade, than he rushed out, saying, "I must go and hear Offenbach's music; it does not go to my head, neither to the heart: but it itches in the muscles of my legs. I must dance, and have a swing with the girls, get me a blue eye, and then sleep upon it; the next day I go to work with new vigor; did you see the new moon of the week?"

Tuesday is Tyr's day, the day of strength. "Yes, that am I," said Tuesday. "I take hold of the work, fasten Mercury's wings to the merchant's boots, look after the factory, and see that the wheels are oiled, and turn easily. I also see to it that the tailor sits upon his table, and the street-paver is by his paving-stones. I hold everybody to his business, and have an eye upon them all, and therefore I appear among you in a policeman's uniform, and my name is 'Politics day.' If this is a bad joke, then you may think of a better one, every one of you."

"And now come I," said Wednesday. "I stand in the middle of the week: the Germans call me Mr. Midweek. I stand like a young clerk in a store, like a flower among the other honored days

of the week. If we march up in file, then have I three days in front of me, and three days behind; they are my body-guard: and I may with propriety say that I am the most prominent of all the days of the week."

And now Thursday came in, dressed up like a coppersmith, with a hammer and a copper kettle, token of his aristocratic descent. "I am of very high birth," said he. "In the northern countries I am named after Thor, the god of thunder; and in the south, after Jupiter, the god of lightning; these two understood how to thunder and lighten, and that has remained in the family."

And then he beat his copper kettle, and thus proved his high descent.

Friday was dressed up like a young girl, who called herself Freia, the goddess of beauty of the North; for variety's sake she called herself Venus;

that depended altogether upon the language of the country in which she appeared. She was of a quiet, cheerful character, she said; but this was the odd day of the leap year, which gives liberty to woman, that she may, according to an old custom, propose to the man she likes, without waiting for him to propose to her.

Last came Saturday, waddling along like an old housekeeper, with broom, dust-pan, and other cleansing articles. Her favorite dish was beer-soup, but she was not particularly anxious to have it put on the table on that festive occasion.

And thus the week-days held a banquet, as I have described them; here they are, ready for family use as tableaux. Of course you may improve upon them; we give them only as vignettes for February, the only month that receives a day in addition.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BJÖRNSSON'S WRITINGS.

THESE books have been translated from the Norwegian of Björnsterne Björnson,—*"Arne," "The Fisher Maiden," "The Happy Boy."* They are stories of life in Norway, chiefly among members of the small proprietor class. In each case the hero or heroine grows up from childhood before the eyes of the reader, and is left just as the fluctuating period of youth passes into firm, determinate maturity of purpose and knowledge, and one of the three touches the appreciative reader with a revealing power which belongs to works of genius.

The pictures of Scandinavian life which we find in a few current books, have a peculiar charm for American readers, because they seem to represent a life which is foreign only in form and externals, while native to us in certain home-likeness of thought and sentiment; *seems*, I say, for I remember hearing a Swiss lady describe some simple village gathering on the Hudson, which sounded wonderfully as if it happened in the Canton Vaud. The description in *"The Fisher Maiden"* of the committee's visit to the pastor makes us say: Just thus do the same people in America think and say. It is not, perhaps, too vague a phrase to say that we are really near relations of the Scandinavian people, and feel at home in their life. These books represent more perfectly this life than any we think of, though no one who has read it could have forgotten the delightful book by Miss Martineau, *"Feats on the Fiord."* I have just turned to it again, in *"Littell"* for 1848 (vol. xix.).

There is, however, a higher value possessed by these books: they hold for us the fluent period of youth, and image, with rare subtlety and grace, the

countenance of maid and youth as it changes with the changing time. We have got beyond Norway now, and are measuring the author by his capacity to catch and hold a peculiarly difficult phase of human life. There are many who make for us breathing men and women; some who can show us childhood so perfectly, we are almost pained by the fact that the creations are not capable of being spoken to; but here is one who shows us children at their sports, and lets us see them grow into youth, and stand finally at the threshold of man and womanhood, all the while preserving for us the features that are the same while they change. Björnson has given us the lyric of youth.

The poetic insight which can penetrate the secret of the sensitive plant, and the poetic art which can reveal the secret to us, belong to Björnson as *"Arne"* clearly shows. The best that Norway gives, the charm of tremulous youth, exists here in creative form, and the creation moves through the atmosphere that encircles the world. The dip of the swallow is a flight no less than the bold soaring of the eagle; and genius in *"Arne"* flutters so that one not fully alive to the movement may suspect a fall, yet, always he finds the bird is in the air.

The art in *"Arne"* is so true that we feel a little aggrieved at the other books, in which, with all their charm, we see the moralist rather than the artist. Perhaps for every-day reading, and for general commendation, they are safer; but there are better than every-day books, and *"Arne"* is one.

The *"Fisher Maiden"* is published by Leypoldt & Holt, of New York, at \$1.25. The others by Sever, Francis & Co., Boston and Cambridge, at \$1.00 each.

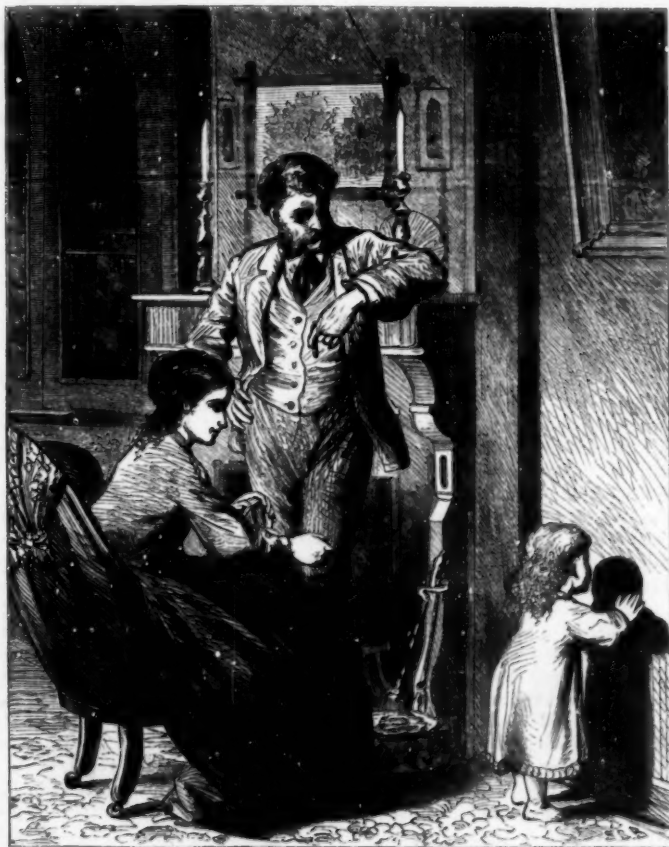
* The *j* in this name has the power of *i*.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BY M. ANGIER ALDEN.

ROSE with laughter, the little one crept,
 Struggling down from her father's knee;
 "'Tis time," said the mother, "our little one
 slept;"
 But little one's eyes were brimful with glee,

And merrily peeped through the shining
 tress
 That strayed from the tangled gold,
 Which shadowy fell on her snowy dress, —
 Her little night-gown with its single fold,



Straight down from her throat to the roseate toes
 That sunk so soft in the crimson glow
 Of the carpet warm, where many a rose,
 Larger than life, presumed to grow.

Away to the farthest end of the room,
 Every moment glancing back,
 But just a little afraid of the gloom
 Sometimes stealing over her track,

Saucily toddles the mischievous elf
 Out of mother's and father's hold;
 Quite sufficient she felt to herself,
 Growing in freedom wondrous bold.

Why did she pause with a shiver of fright,
 Uttering a sudden, startled cry,
 And with backward, ignominious flight,
 To reach her slighted haven try?

Why, when safe, did she shudder, and hide
Deep in her mother's lap her face?
Or why did she cling to her mother's side,
Snuggled close in her warm embrace?

Till at the mention of slumber and dream,
Glanced she timidly up; and then
Buried her face, with a terrified scream,
Crying, "It's tum! It's tum aden!"

Father and mother with laughing surprise,
Comforting, drove away her fear;
She saw, while the wonder grew in her eyes,
One by one, on the wall appear

Strangest of rabbits and birds to her sight;
Heads of horses and lambs, and near,
A shadowy baby showing delight,
With phantom motions, O so queer!

Mocking each move that the little one made,
E'en to the toss of her foot on high,
Till her face she suffered, no more afraid,
Soft 'gainst the shadowy face to lie.

Patted with chubbiest chub of a hand
The dusky cheek: her finger tips
Sunk in the gloom, while a kiss she demands
From off the shadow baby's lips.

THE SETTLE.

REALLY I was not thinking much of cold weather, when I proposed that we should meet here by the door of the Magazine. Come in, children, by the other entrance, for there I see a warm fire on the hearth, and so much comfort, that I fear you will desert this corner of ours. Do you listen to the traveller telling his stories by firelight? He has come for a night's shelter into a country farm-house, and has been telling his stories, I rather think, for some time. He began with telling where he came from, and whither he is going; something he saw on the road reminded him of a story, and from one to another he has passed until now, just by midnight, he has come to the most exciting part of a fearful tale; the burly man has forgotten to keep his pipe alight: the boy has taken only one bite of his apple. What is the reason, by the way, that when he looks at his apple again, he will find the freshly bitten place rusty looking? The old woman has stopped her knitting; the kittens only, not caring for the story, are playing with the man's umbrella; he has sunk his voice almost to a whisper: all are intent: in a moment he will reach the most dreadful point; then down comes the umbrella, up jumps the dog with a bark, and chases the kittens. O! exclaims the little girl; and Ah! sighs the old lady, and all is over.

How pleasant it is that our friend Andersen, amongst the roses and dates of Nice, in Southern France, should have thought to send us, just in the nick of time, his *Vignette* for February! He did not know we were sitting under our Date-tree at this time. I have heard from younger friends, too, with names and facts for our March calendar. Now send me something for April, and so send me always for the second month after you see the number, and I will put on the page all that I can. March is to have a new border, for is not spring coming?

Now let me keep my promise, and stand aside while F. W. C. shows us

HOW TO PLAY SOLITAIRE.

"As if we didn't know how to play it already!" I suppose that nearly all of you do understand the game as far as it is usually played. Now, I am willing to take it for granted that everybody is familiar with the thirty-three marbles of solitaire, and to admit the extreme probability that nearly every one can solve the puzzle of all, — namely, the leaving vacant the central hole upon the board, and filling it at the close of the game with the single remaining marble. But, is there any one on the Settle, who, after having conquered this puzzle, has not laid the board aside, as exhausted of all possibility of affording further amusement? Is there any one who can leave vacant any given hole upon the board, and then, jumping off every marble but one, bring that one into the place at first left empty? Yet this is not only possible, but easy, and still does not exhaust the capabilities of the game. In short, without varying from the usual rules of jumping, thousands of puzzles may be planned and solved upon a solitaire board, putting that plaything, beyond all question, at the head of all similar sources of amusement. None of the so called Chinese puzzles can for a moment compare with it.

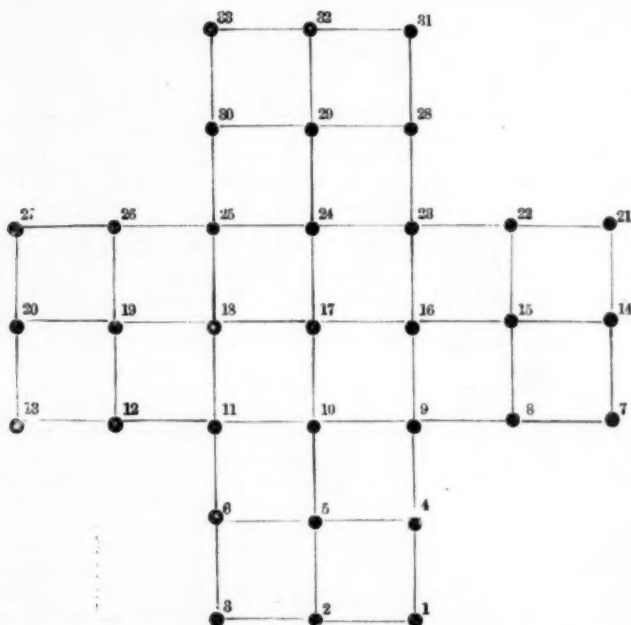
I intend to give full directions for performing many interesting feats in the game; but for this a diagram of the board is necessary. And although I shall be forced to employ much *figurative* language, I hope to make everything clear.

As will be seen from this diagram, the holes, beginning with the lower right hand corner, are numbered in regular order, from 1 up to 33, the all-important centre bearing the number 17. Now, here

comes in a curious property of the numbers on the board, to which I call attention merely as a matter of curiosity, not as in any way influencing the game itself. If we add together the numbers of any four holes which are equally distant from the centre, we shall in every case get the number 68, or four times 17,—the centre. Thus, 9, 11, 23, and 25; or 10, 16, 18, and 24; or 2, 14, 20, and 32; or, 7, 21, 13, and 27; when added together, give 68. But to return to the game itself. Now, since the board is divided into four precisely similar wings, it is plain that any one who can leave vacant any hole in any one of these wings, and at the close of the game bring the single remaining marble into the same hole, can perform the same feat with the correspond-

ing hole in any other wing. For instance, suppose one has learned how to solve the problem in the case of hole No. 2, he can also solve it for either 14, 20, or 32, since, by turning the wing containing either of these numbers toward him, the hole bearing the number would occupy precisely the same position that No. 2 now does, and the puzzle would of course be precisely the same. Only no one with his wits about him, need resort to the clumsy expedient of turning the board around. So, if I give full directions for all the holes in one wing, those directions will suffice for the whole board.

Of course my directions will consist merely in giving the different jumps to be made, by means of the numbers attached to the various holes. Thus, if



I say "1 to 9," I shall mean that the marble in hole No. 1 shall be jumped into hole No. 9, passing of course over No. 4.

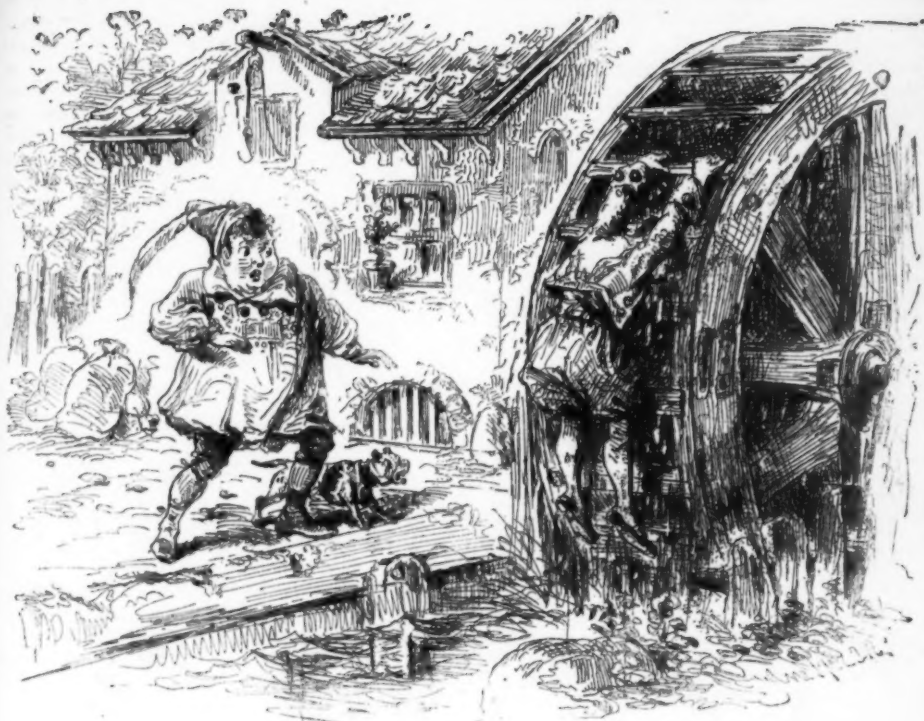
Beginning with the central hole, No. 17, as the most important, I must say at the start that there are some fifteen different ways of playing the game. Many of these are very similar, being merely variations of one method; but two distinct and totally unlike processes I can give. In the first of these methods the men are kept throughout the game in a solid block, or phalanx, as is always the safest way of playing such a game, while in the second they are allowed to straggle all over the board.

First method. — 5 to 17, 8 to 10, 17 to 5, 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 6 to 4, 4 to 16, 23 to 9, 21 to

23, 7 to 21, 24 to 22, 21 to 23, 12 to 10, 10 to 8, 8 to 22, 22 to 24, 31 to 23, 24 to 22, 33 to 31, 30 to 28, 31 to 23, 22 to 24, 18 to 30, 27 to 25, 13 to 27, 24 to 26, 27 to 25, 30 to 18, 19 to centre.

Second method. — 5 to 17, 8 to 10, 17 to 5, 1 to 9, 16 to 4, 3 to 1, 1 to 9, 19 to 17, 6 to 18, 17 to 19, 13 to 11, 28 to 16, 21 to 23, 16 to 28, 7 to 21, 31 to 23, 24 to 22, 21 to 23, 30 to 18, 27 to 25, 18 to 30, 20 to 18, 33 to 25, 32 to 24, 18 to 30, 23 to 25, 30 to 18, 18 to 6, 6 to 4, 4 to 16, 15 to centre. Or, if the central hole is the one left vacant at first, the single remaining marble may be left either in 2, 14, 20, or 32 instead.

(To be concluded next month.)



Proverbs in Picture, 1.

CHARADE.

How peacefully lies my first asleep
 After his night's foray,
 Long after the light has begun to peep
 That ushereth in the day!
 But hark! what a cruel sound is heard
 Coming nearer from far away!
 For now to the hunt are the horses spurred,
 And my pitiful first is their prey.

My second lies in the lady's drawer,
 With perfumes and handkerchiefs fine;
 Perhaps, if you're learned in lover's lore,
 It will flutter to you a sign
 Of that which took place when the lady went forth
 To see the "Muses Nine;"
 She felt not the blast that blew from the north,
 Nor heard the cold wind whine.

My whole you will find in your walks abroad:
 It lives in the shady wood;
 Or perhaps in your garden's showy hord
 It may unadmired have stood.

ENIGMAS.

1. Every house contains me,
 Divers sizes I am made;
 Much trouble and confusion follow,
 If by chance I am mislaid.
 A song that will live forever
 Was written by one who has my name;
 And a French word we meet quite often
 Has a sound precisely the same.

Music would lose its charm without me,
 And the piano could sound no more;
 While the sailor has cause to dread me
 When near a certain shore.

Children, I am sure you know me,
 For I am in your very door;
 There, I almost told you,
 If you did not know before.

RUTH.

2. In plenty or pride,
 In weal or in woe,
 Before or behind,
 Or in middle I go.



Proverbs in Picture 2.

TRYING ON HEADS.

My body is synonymous with pain or discomfort ;
try different heads, and see how they change me.

1st. A vegetable — I become a domestic utensil.

2d. A beautiful bird — I am filled with suffering and remorse.

3d. A crooked head — I will carry you over the sea.

4th. An insect — I am of use to the culprit.

5th. A pleasant drink — I come last.

6th. A girl's nickname — I am a powerful engine of civilization.

7th. A Latin interjection — I hold fast.

8th. But give me a double head, and I cry aloud.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA.

I am composed of nineteen letters. My whole is the name of my little sister, just five months old.

My 17, 2, is a pronoun.

My 7, 14, 16, 17, is what all would dislike to be.

My 13, 14, 10, 2, is worn by ladies.

My 4, 6, 14, 3, ladies enjoy.

My 15, 5, 4, 11, 19, is the name of a river.

My 15, 14, 13, 18, children love to hear.

My 1, 3, 8, grows in gardens.

My 10, 14, 15, is an animal.

My 15, 5, 7, 2, we all should prize.

My 14, 16, 9, supports life.

My 12, 14, 19, 11, is an adjective.

BEHEADED RIDDLE.

Behead me, you take both pride and strength ;

Behead me again, and a shelter I'll give ;

Behead me again, 'twill give you a length ;

There's the name of my home, as sure as I live.

CHARADE.

To reign in darkness and in night,

Is for my first the doom ;

His subjects never see the light,

No groves for them, nor flowers bright,

No glittering sunbeams meet their sight,

But shadows and vast gloom.

My next, the happiest part of spring,

When birds and blossoms show ;

When first the birds begin to sing,

And all the hills and valleys ring,

And pleasure comes to everything

That from the earth doth grow.

My whole strikes cold into our hearts,

And fills us with affright ;

It brings the pain that slow departs,

Our curdling blood it keenly starts,

With horror through our being darts,

And leaves us cold as night.

F. W. H.

WHAT AM I ?

Free as the sunlight,

Bright as the day,

Rushing and roaring,

I go on my way.

From heaven I come,

With the world I was made

All creation would die

If I gave them no aid.

Thousands glide o'er me

Going East, going West,

Many burdens I carry

Safe on my breast.

When the tempest is raging,

And fierce rides the gale,

Friends cannot trust me,

For often I fail.

Now children, what am I ?

You know me quite well ;

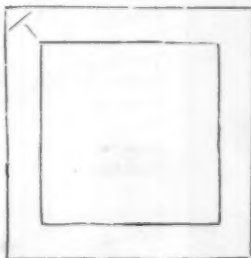
For daily you use me :

Can't some of you tell ? RUTH M.

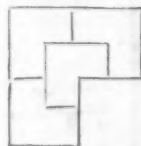
ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN JANUARY NUMBER.

Illustrated Rebus. — Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise. *Enigma.* — Pearl. *Puzzles.* —

1.



2.



3. \$83,886.08. 4. Because it always keeps its hands before its face, and though full of good works, is constantly running itself down. 5. Because they are arter fish ile. 6. When he pulls its ears. *Geographical Puzzle.* — 1. Riverside ; 2. Cologne ; 3. Coral ; 4. Canary ; 5. Table ; 6. Brussels ; 7. China ; 8. Turtle ; 9. Fish ; 10. Turkey ; 11. Ham ; 12. Corn ; 13. Moore ; 14. Deer ; 15. Duck ; 16. Oyster ; 17. Cook ; 18. Desert (dessert) ; 19. Egg ; 20. Spice ; 21. Milk ; 22. Orange ; 23. Candy ; 24. Madeira ; 25. Plenty. *Riddle.* — A Field of Corn. *Acrostic Charade.* — Foundation Words — Paris, Helen. Cross Words — Plutarch, Arachne, Royal, Ilione, Solon.



FEBRUARY.

Tuesday . .	1	
Wednesday	2	
Thursday .	3	
Friday . . .	4	John Rogers, Protestant Martyr, burned at Smith-
Saturday . .	5	Sir Robert Peel born, 1788. [field, 1555.
Sunday	6	Charles II. died, 1685.
Monday . . .	7	Charles Dickens born, 1812.
Tuesday . .	8	Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587.
Wednesday	9	Republic proclaimed at Rome, 1849.
Thursday .	10	Marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of
Friday . . .	11	Washington born, 1732. [Saxe Coburg, 1840.
Saturday . .	12	Abraham Lincoln born, 1809.
Sunday	13	William and Mary proclaimed, after accepting the
		[Declaration of Rights, 1689.
Monday . .	14	St. Valentine, Bishop and Martyr, about 270.
Tuesday . .	15	Seven Years' War ended by the Peace of Huberta-
		[burg, 1763.
Wednesday	16	Dr. Kane, the Arctic Explorer, died, 1857.
Thursday .	17	Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Painter, Sculptor, and
		[Architect, died, 1564.
Friday . . .	18	Martin Luther died, 1546.
Saturday . .	19	William III., King of Holland, born, 1817.
Sunday	20	Andreas Hofer shot by the French, 1810.
Monday . .	21	
Tuesday . .	22	Battle of Buena Vista, 1847.
Wednesday	23	Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792.
Thursday .	24	Charles Lamb born, 1775. Handel, 1684.
Friday . . .	25	<i>The Hornet</i> captures <i>The Peacock</i> , 1813.
Saturday . .	26	Thomas Moore, Poet, died 1852.
Sunday	27	Henry W. Longfellow born, 1807.
Monday . .	28	







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